

# The Sketch

No. 722.—Vol. LVI.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1906.

SIXPENCE.



OLAF, ESPERANTIST! QUEEN ALEXANDRA WITH PRINCE OLAF, ONLY SON OF THE KING  
AND QUEEN OF NORWAY.

Little Prince Olaf is, it is said on the authority of Dr. George Cunningham, to be taught Esperanto. Dr. Cunningham is President of the Cambridge and Town Esperanto Society.

*Photograph taken at Windsor Castle last week by J. Russell and Sons.*



## "THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER: A WARNING TO OUR READERS.

*The Christmas Number of "The Sketch"—the best the paper has issued—will be published on Monday next, December 3rd. Those who desire to secure a copy should order one from their newsagents immediately, as the edition, enormous as it is, is likely to be sold out at once, and cannot be reprinted. The number will contain many new and attractive features, and with it will be presented a splendid plate in Photogravure, "The Favourite," after the picture by Léon Comerre. The price of the issue will be One Shilling, as usual.*

### MOTLEY NOTES.

London.

**Dame Nature  
Interviewed.**

I found Dame Nature sitting on a bench in the Park. She had been reading a newspaper, and her wise, kindly old face was covered with smiles.

"What's amusing you?" I asked.

"All this talk about flying," she replied promptly.

"I don't see anything funny in that."

"Don't you? Then I'm sorry for you." She laid the newspaper aside, and looked me in the eyes. "Do you really imagine," she asked, "that they will ever succeed?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I may tell you in confidence that they won't."

"What's to prevent them?"

"I shall prevent them. Do you suppose that what they call the problem of human flight wouldn't have been solved ages and ages ago if it ever was to be solved?"

"The progress of science——" I began.

"All rubbish! Look at that bird up there; not much science about him, is there? He flies because I intended him to fly. At the bottom of that lake there are some fish. How is it that they can stay under water without getting suffocated? Is that science?"

**She Sneers at  
Balloons.**

"We have balloonists and divers," I argued.

The old lady screamed with merriment.

"If you only knew," she cried, "what a lot of fun I get out of your balloonists and your divers! They think themselves so clever, and all the time they are merely affording me the greatest amusement. Take a balloon journey. I let the poor creatures get a little way up, of course; there'd be no sport at all if they didn't. But they have a trying time of it, I can tell you. If they get too high, they begin to choke. If they get too low, they run the risk of bumping into a tree, or a chimney-stack, or a church steeple. As to their course, they go exactly in the direction I select. Sometimes——and here she gave a wicked chuckle——"I change the wind while they are in the air, and that gives them a fine fright! Finally they decide to get back to Earth again—the place that they should never have left. Then there's an anxious peering downwards, and a throwing out of grapnels, and all sorts of comic contrivances. They land with a bump, and the silly balloon goes wobbling from side to side like an old market-woman in a gale. When they make inquiries as to the locality, they find themselves miles from a station, and are unable to telegraph to their mothers until the following morning. Balloons? Ha! Ha!"

**And Ridicules Divers.** "There may be something in what you say," I mused.

"Don't be obstinate. You know I'm right. I always am."

"Still, if balloons are a little silly, that doesn't refute——"

"And don't use words like that," she interrupted sharply. "I thought you knew better. Be natural, and I'll give you a good time. Be unnatural, and I'll treat you as I do the balloonists, and the pedants, and the people who give themselves airs."

I made haste to beg her pardon.

"If balloons are a little silly," I repeated, "that doesn't answer my argument about the divers."

"Bless the man! Have you ever *seen* a diver? No? Well, you must have seen pictures of 'em. Tell me frankly, can you imagine anything more ridiculous than a diver ready to go below?"

"They're useful," I ventured to hint.

"I know they are, and that's why I allow them, in a measure, to be successful. But I don't think you'll find that a man with any experience of diving has a desire to live under the water. No, young

By KEBLE HOWARD. ("Chicot.")

man. You take my advice, and be content with your proper element. You'll save yourself a deal of discomfort in the end. I always win."

**But Praises  
Motors.**

"Would you kindly explain to me," I asked politely, "why you are so determined that we shall remain on Earth?"

"Why does the mother of a large family make the children stay in the nursery? Because, if she let them run all over the house and do as they liked, they'd spoil it in no time. If you men-babies and women-babies had your own way, you'd very soon spoil the world. As it is, you've managed to knock it about a good bit, with your railways and one thing and another. That's why I've helped motoring. It gets people out of stuffy trains into the fresh air, it encourages you to make better roads, and it will gradually do away with all those hideous railway-lines. You don't find me interfering with motoring, my friend."

"There have been one or two accidents," I murmured shyly.

"Of course! When a boy gets a knife for the first time, he promptly cuts his finger. That's my way of showing him that a knife is not a thing to be treated carelessly. But because the boy cuts his finger, it doesn't prove that I dislike knives. Knives are useful and necessary; so are motors. There will be very few motor accidents in fifty years' time in proportion to the number of motors. You wait and see."

"I will if I can," was the meek reply.

**Why One is Seasick.** "Are you a good sailor?" asked the old lady suddenly.

I shuddered. "Two minutes on a landing-stage——" I began.

"Bad as that, is it? I must have overdone it a bit in your case."

"I'm afraid you did. And, since you have introduced the subject, why should we be seasick at all? Is that another of your jokes?"

"Certainly not. I never laugh at sea-sickness. I have too much sympathy with the victims. I invented it," she explained, "for much the same reason, only in a lesser degree, that I placed difficulties in the way of ballooning and diving, and an insuperable barrier in the way of flying. Sea-sickness is my method of keeping people on land."

"D'you think it succeeds?"

"Certainly. Take your own case. If you were a good sailor, and the Channel had no terrors for you, where would you spend your week-ends?"

I blushed.

"Exactly," said Dame Nature.

**A Sop for Ireland.** There was a pause. "Penny for your thoughts!" laughed the old lady.

"I'm afraid I daren't tell you."

"Out with it!"

"I was thinking that, on the whole, you're rather severe with us. Don't be cross."

"I'm not a bit cross, because I know it's perfectly true." She stared across the water, and I noted in her eyes a rather wistful look. "Yes," she went on, "it's perfectly true. I *am* severe with you. But when you consider what a lot there are of you, and how naughty you'd be if I once let you get out of hand, you ought to be able to forgive me."

"Oh," I assured her, "we do. Please don't cry."

"Ah! You've discovered my secret. I'm always a little melancholy in winter."

"But my tears," she added softly, "fall most on those I love best."

"How she must worship the Irish," I thought.



THE REMARKABLE NEW CARMEN



SEÑORA MARIA GAY AS CARMEN, THE RÔLE IN WHICH SHE MADE A SENSATION  
AT COVENT GARDEN LAST WEEK.

Señora Gay created a veritable sensation at Covent Garden the other night by her rendering of Carmen. Says our musical critic: "She is seductive, attractive, and wayward in her manners upon the stage, and at the same time she has a deep sense of tragedy. . . . Her vocalisation is almost perfect, and her voice is rich and full." Her Carmen was enthusiastically received in Berlin recently. She is Spanish.

(See "Key-Notes.") Photograph by Histed.



## THE CLUBMAN.

*The Union Jack in Schools: The Schoolmaster in Military Command!—The Coming End of Raisuli—The Opium Trade—Le Lor Maire as a Doll.*

THE question as to whether the Union Jack should fly over the national schools or not puzzled the heads of our legislators for a few minutes last week, and it was decided to let the subject drop. No Briton could be more anxious than I am that all honour should be done to our flag; but whatever flag might be hoisted over the schools it should not be the Union Jack, as any old soldier or old sailor could have told their Lordships. The Union Jack is the symbol of command, and is hoisted to indicate the presence of a Commander. It flies before the house of the General in any garrison town, or before the headquarter offices. Officially hoisted over a school-house it would mean that the schoolmaster was in military command of the village, and a shriek of indignation would rise from the anti-militarists who look on miniature rifles and shooting for schoolboys as steps towards the disciplining of the nation.

I would very humbly suggest that in every school a picture of the Union Jack should be framed and hung *right side up* in some place of honour. It would take but a few minutes at the beginning of term to explain to each class what the crosses on the flag are, and why they were so placed. If any flag is flown over a school-house it should be the flag of the country—England, Scotland, Wales, or Ireland—and the flag should be hoisted not for school hours, but for holidays.

The Gasworkers' Union, which objects to the hoisting of the flag as savouring of jingoism, must, I think, contain some subtle humorists, or else a large proportion of those men whom the French have named *sans patrie*. The flag is an emblem of loyalty and honour and chivalry, but that anyone could imagine that the sight of it would send a child out into the world with a desire to fight his fellow-men seems to me to be humorously absurd.

If Raisuli is to be wiped out by French and Spanish troops, the one really successful native ruler in Africa will disappear. He is a brigand, very much as Robin Hood was, and he knows exactly who are the squeezable people in the district in which he operates; but he is a fine organiser as well, and when any humble imitator tries to interfere and carries on brigandage in an inartistic manner in the territory which Raisuli considers within his sphere of influence, the bigger bandit makes very short work of the smaller one. When Mr. Harris, the *Times* correspondent, was taken prisoner by Raisuli, he bore testimony to the charm of manner the brigand possesses, and I know a lady who was for a time the guest of Raisuli, who is not always on business bent, and her report was that no Indian Maharajah could have been more courteous, more attentive, more hospitable than this robber.

No doubt the Indian opium trade with China will cease if the Chinese Government intends to force its new laws against opium-smoking within the empire, and many of us will feel that a very unjustifiable source of revenue will disappear with the Indian opium factories. The people whom I feel sorry for are the ryots in the opium districts, the peasant farmers who have always looked on their poppy patch as a sure means of putting a few rupees into their pockets, whatever other crops failed. The opium farmers were always willing to advance the peasant a little money on his prospective poppy crop, and thus life was made easier to a very hard-working class of poor country people. With the poppies much of the colour will die out in the Behar landscapes, but I do not suggest that the Chinaman shall smoke himself into his grave in order that the eyes of amateur artists in India may be gratified.

Some weeks ago I wrote that the popularity of the Lord Mayor's coachman was greater in Paris than that of the Lord Mayor. I retract that. The Christmas presents which are on view in the windows of the Parisian shops tell me that I am wrong. The most popular figures of the year always appear on the boulevards in doll-form at Christmastime, and this year the favourite dolls are a dancer of Sisowath—one of the yellow-skinned ballet-girls whom the King of Cambodia brought to Paris, who danced at the Pré Catalan to the great amusement of official Paris—and Le Lor Maire. I am sure our ex-Lord Mayor would smile if he could see himself as a pink-and-white cherub, with curling yellow hair, attired in robes of vermilion and gold, and with a five-pointed star fastened round his neck with gold cord.

## A DOCTOR ON "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA."

A PLAY in which half-a-dozen medical men almost monopolise the two first acts, and in which four of the six are also present all through the other two, is, of course, a medical piece pure and simple. To what end? It may be that Mr. Shaw has been quick to detect a coming change in the relations between medical research and consulting practice, and has shown us a typical researcher with patients crowding to him in Queen Anne Street to be treated by his own hands, and yet no quack. Or it may be that he happens to know a good deal about a certain theory and practice for consumption, and has used his familiarity with the details, both personal and technical, for the purpose of making a play. Thoroughly familiar with them he certainly is. Medical men will catch him tripping nowhere. The way in which Sir Ralph got his tetanus and typhoid antitoxins mixed up is farcical, but the tetanus and typhoid cases in adjoining beds are not incorrect. So much is the author at home in all the niceties of the doctrine of immunity that his cleverest satire is in exposing Sir Ralph's inability to understand the points at issue. The subject, however, is rather new, and is far from epic in its simplicity; it is not yet four years old in the "Proceedings of the Royal Society," and is still under debate. Sir Colenso Ridgeon, the discoverer of opsonin, is nothing if not confident, and he inspires confidence in others.

He evades his promise to the consumptive artist's wife by something very like the confidence trick as vulgarly understood, and one does not feel sure that the absolute certainty of the treatment in his own skilled hands, and its probable failure in the hands of Sir Ralph, upon which the whole action turns, does not savour a little of the confidence trick also. But, in a broader view, the play is meant to hail the advent of the Scientific Practitioner; this hint is given where Sir Ralph tells Sir Colenso that his proper place is in his bacteriological laboratory, not at the bedside.

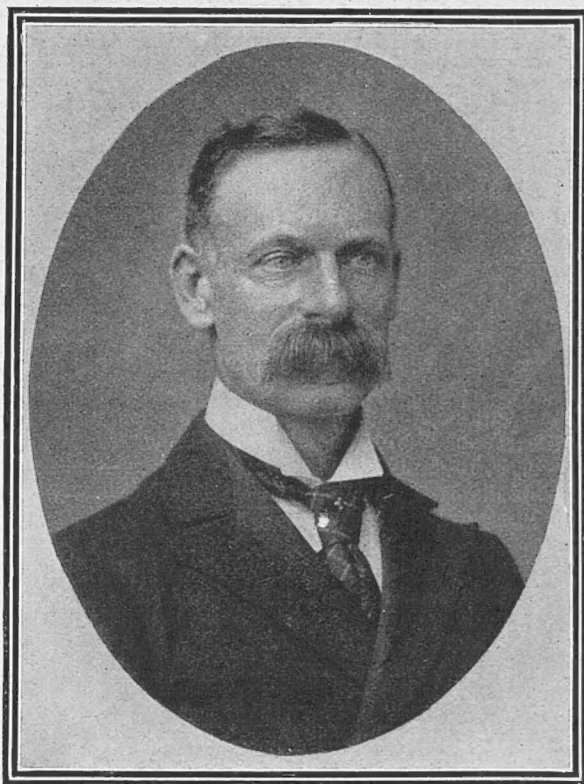
So much for the theme. As to the medical characters, they are probably all merely types, except Sir Colenso, who is obviously drawn from life, with some necessary adaptations. Of the types, the best in every respect, whether as complimentary to the profession or creditable to the playwright, is old Sir Patrick Cullen. He is the unmistakable veteran of surgical or medical repute, lingering on among younger colleagues, by all of whom he is admired for his matter-of-fact, shrewd, caustic wisdom. He will recall more than one person who has lived within the last twenty years, but, of course, he is compounded of many, perhaps from some as far remote as Abernethy.

The Court physician, Sir Ralph, is a bit of a caricature. The good bedside manner and the volubility are true enough, but he is too superficial and insincere to be in the front rank; and, of course, a great deal of his talk and manner is farcical. Cutler Walpole's monomania for diagnosing blood-poisoning and for removing a certain rudimentary structure—the nuciform sac—as the cause of it is used in the ordinary way of "gag." It appears,

however, that his practice was not as narrow as his talk, for he had invented a saw for operations on the scapula! All the Walpoles were specialists, and had made business for themselves out of uvulas, tonsils, and other redundant parts. The smart Jew who had retired before he was old to a place in Hertfordshire, with a flat in the West End and a motor, was exceptionally fortunate in making riches by a sixpenny dispensary in a provincial town; it may be safely said that the legend of "Cure guaranteed" on his window, and his habit of dispensing somebody's chemical food in ten times its volume of water, were not the real sources of his wealth, whatever those may have been. It is to be noted that he is no quack, but one of "the authentic fellows," and in very good company too.

Dr. Blenkinsop, the general practitioner in a poor neighbourhood, is an impossible type, a purely sentimental creation. After thirty years' practice, with no obvious vices and with abilities enough to be made at last a Medical Officer of Health, he need not have been so hard up as to beg Ridgeon's cast-off frock-coats. He is, moreover, a thorough vulgarian in the way he talks of his penury at table, and an ignoramus in that he never opens a book. He is not a typical general practitioner, even of the slums; he is not a reality at all. Some verisimilitude is given to the death of Dubedat by explanatory remarks, but realism is obviously sacrificed here to other considerations.

M. D.



THE REMARKABLE SHOOTING CASE AT BOIS-LE-ROI:  
DR. PAUL Z. HEBERT, THE WOUNDED ENGLISH DOCTOR.

Dr. Hebert dragged himself into the little wayside station at Bois-le-Roi, near Fontainebleau, the other day, bleeding from several wounds about the head, and startled some workmen by stating that he had been shot by people he had trusted as friends. Dr. Hebert said that he had been paying a visit, and was writing letters, when his host entered and fired at him. He then ran into the garden, but was fired at again, and fainted. Later, when he recovered, he managed to get to the station as described. At the moment of writing the Doctor is an inmate of the Lariboisière Hospital in Paris. It is alleged that the supposed assailant and his wife once owned a matrimonial agency.

Photograph by B. Hubert.



## “THRICE BLEST SUCCESSOR TO A TOAST AND ALE!”

MORE than a hundred-and-fifty years ago, a poet of the period devoted no less than three cantos of by no means contemptible verse to the praise of tea, a beverage which he hailed, in a piously temperate ecstasy of emotion, as the “Thrice blest Successor to a Toast and Ale!” We can but wonder to what heights he would have soared had he lived to-day and found the infusion of his beloved herb installed as the national beverage *par excellence*. For when this hymn of praise was written by a mid-eighteenth-century enthusiast, tea was not to be purchased for less than about as many shillings a pound as it now costs pence, the duty alone being five shillings a pound and five per cent. on the value of the tea. This was all well enough for Royalty and rich folk, but to-day the poorest can sip their cup of solace and inexpensive luxury just as freely as the *grande dame de par le monde* can take her afternoon cup from Sèvres porcelain at the hands of a six-foot servant. It was in the reign of Queen Victoria that tea came into wide vogue as a national beverage, and of late years great commercial houses, such as the Mazawattee Tea Company, Limited, of Tower Hill, which has also huge factories and warehouses at New Cross, have imported vast quantities of rich, fine, and fragrant teas from Ceylon and India, and brought the delicious and wholesome beverage within the reach of all classes.

The Mazawattee Tea Company has a rare collection of what may be called the art and literature of their calling, and from this collection there is given on this page a curiously interesting picture which illustrates in vivid fashion the manner in which an indiscreetly imposed tax upon tea lost us America and gave that great country its independence. “The Indiscretion of George” sounds like the title of an ultra-modern comedy, yet it was neither more nor less—unless we choose to change the word to obstinacy—than the indiscretion of

Making, as practised at Boston in North America,” and beneath the gaping crowd and groaning victim are the following lines—

For the Custom House officers landing the Tea,  
They Tarr'd him, and Feather'd him, just as you see,  
And they drench'd him so well both behind and before  
That he begg'd for God's sake they would drench him no more.

No storm in a tea-cup did this American Rebellion prove; indeed,



THE MAZAWATTEE TEA SALE-ROOM.

never before or since in the history of the world did a cup of tea cost a country such a price as the defection of America from Great Britain.

But while the Mazawattee Company, Limited, can boast a very valuable collection of books and pictures relative to the subject of tea, it is absolutely up-to-date in its practical business methods. Its purchases are on a gigantic scale, as may be gathered from the fact that the Company, in January 1900, made a record in the matter of paying duty on tea, drawing a cheque for no less than £85,862 8s. 8d. for tea actually bought. This represented the largest single clearance of tea that had ever been known, amounting to considerably over five

million pounds. The Company's delicious teas from Ceylon and India reach their customers in the pink of perfection owing to the consummate care taken from the time the tea is picked until it is delivered to the consumers. The tasting and blending are a science in themselves, and it is interesting to see the big sale-room at Tower Hill, with its hundreds of little cups filled with sample infusions for this purpose, as shown in our illustration. The New Cross factories, covering four acres, are models of light, cleanliness, good ventilation, and everything that ensures the best hygienic environment, for the Mazawattee Tea Company fully recognises the fact that no pains can be too great to ensure perfect purity as well as fine quality in a beverage such as tea, which is at once the national luxury and necessity of all classes: “The Lady's Joy, the Manteau-maker's Friend.”

The consumption of tea is now so great that, to paraphrase a familiar expression, it might almost be said of English life that there is no beverage but tea, and the Mazawattee Company is

its purveyor. From the days of ruff and fardingale to those of toque and tailor-made is a far cry, but the story of tea bridges the centuries, and it is well that in these later days it can be hailed even more appropriately than in 1743 as the “Thrice blest Successor to a Toast and Ale!”



A NEW METHOD OF MACARONY MAKING FROM A CURIOUS ENGRAVING IN THE MAZAWATTEE COMPANY'S COLLECTION.

King George III. over the tea-tax which, in 1775, lost us our greatest possession. This curious old engraving—in the Rowlandson manner, and published by Carington Bowles, of St. Paul's Churchyard—conveys better than words the bitter feeling of resentment caused in America by the tax. It is called “A New Method of Macarony



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A SPECIAL NOTE FOR “SKETCH” READERS.

Readers of *The Sketch* the world over know the name and the writings of Keble Howard. For several years no issue of *The Sketch* has appeared without a contribution from his pen. They know him also through his novels—“The God in the Garden,” “Love in June,” and “The Smiths of Surbiton”—all published by us with very great success. But it is generally admitted that Keble Howard's finest work is contained in his new novel, entitled “THE WHIP HAND: A COMEDY FOR HUSBANDS.” We published this book just a month ago, and it is already in the Fourth Edition. The *Morning Leader* says of it: “No other living writer could have endowed the subject with the same liveliness, reality, and grace.” This is high praise for a young author, but the opinion has been endorsed by sixty or seventy of the leading journals in the kingdom. We are confident that the sales will be proportionate. The price of “THE WHIP HAND” is Six Shillings.

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## The Illustrated London News

DECEMBER 1.

THE KING'S GRANDSONS FOR THE “KING'S NAVEE.”

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WIRE.

TAKING MOVING PICTURES NEARLY 9000 FEET ABOVE  
SEA-LEVEL.

THE LITTLE TSAREVITCH AND HIS MOTHER.

“PETER PAN,” BY ARTHUR RACKHAM.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

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“SKETCH” EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

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## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE great royal event of this week is, of course, her Majesty's birthday. This family festival is being spent, as it nearly always is, at Sandringham, and this year her Majesty will have the happiness of finding herself surrounded by those of her children who have so often had to be so far away from her on Dec. 1—namely, the Prince of Wales and Queen Maud of Norway. It is hoped that the Princess Royal may also be among her

parents' guests, but it is possible that the state of her health may make this inadvisable. No royal lady in the world is more sure of heartfelt good wishes on her natal day, and all over the world the old toast of "Gentlemen, the Queen!" will be given to-night, and honoured with due enthusiasm.

### Prince Olaf's Birthplace.

Appleton House, the unpretentious gabled dwelling where the King and Queen of Norway are enjoying a brief holiday, is likely to go down to history as the birthplace of a King. The first of Queen Maud's "married homes" is a kind of glorified cottage, with nothing about it, either inside or out, suggesting splendour or royal pomp. The old house and lovely garden are naturally very dear to the young King and Queen, who still regard it as "home," and it is said that they hope to make a short sojourn there every year. Meanwhile, it is likely that Appleton will be lent to the Princess Royal, whose affection for Norfolk has never faltered.

### Marriage Modes Changing.

Each winter sees some modification of the ceremonial followed at fashionable bridals. At one time the bride was often given away by her mother; now a male relative—in the absence, of course, of the father—is generally chosen. Then there came the craze for very late weddings, and here again there has come a marked change, doubtless because so many happy couples now begin their honeymoon by motor-car. The presents given by the bridegroom to his bride's attendant maidens tend to become more costly each season, and must be found a real tax by many a new Benedick. The wedding-gown has undergone amazing transformations; a touch of colour, even unlucky green, is now regarded as permissible, and though the craze for bridesmaids' black hats has gone by, quite sombre tints are sometimes seen in the cortège. Honeymoons tend to become again of orthodox length, the more so that Queen Alexandra is believed to disapprove of "week-end honeymoons" and to look coldly on brides who show undue eagerness to rush back to town as soon as may be after their wedding-day has invested them with the pleasant dignities of matronhood.

### Man and Superman.

Every man is trying to fly in Paris just now. Even those who swore there was nothing like hydrogen have turned from the gas-bag to flying-machines. One of the most famous converts is the Count de la Vaulx, who holds the long-distance record for spherical balloons. He is building a high-flier with which he hopes to cut out Santos-Dumont. At present, no woman has announced her intention of plunging into the air from the top of a steeple, but wings should grow more naturally from her shoulders than from those of mere man. In a military sense, the problem of the air is most interesting. If projectiles are to be dropped, if spying is to be carried on from air-ships, and if all sorts of operations hitherto impossible because of the inequalities of the land are to be carried out, the very nature of modern war will be altered. You cannot protect frontiers when you have the enemy sailing over your head. The only thing is to build another air-ship to catch the invader. And how

are you to prevent smuggling?

The aeronaut may bring in as much contraband as he likes and defy the "fisc." These assaults upon the air are calculated to disturb our placidity—we who still creep about the earth as miserable longshore men.

### The New "Old Masters."

Naturally, the discovery of the bogus "Old Masters" at Bath has led to all too-successful search for more of these ingenious frauds. Nobody fails to catch the humour of such a find, unless the joke happen to arise over a picture in his own possession. There is tragedy as well as farce in these faked pictures. The late Sir J. C. Horsley has recorded such an instance. He was asked to look over a collection owned by a man who had been hard hit by agricultural depression. The pictures had to go. The artist passed in amazement from picture to picture; they were all copies. Still, there remained yet a famous Flemish masterpiece, and so, while they sat at lunch, he held his peace and hoped. Then they went to look at this "best of all." It was a common school copy of the original, valueless. This collection of "Old Masters" was not worth the frames in which the pictures hung. And it was upon those that the broken owner was depending for the rehabilitation of his fortunes.



11½ INCHES OF DRESDEN CHINA SOLD FOR 1000 GUINEAS: THE "CRINOLINE GROUP," PURCHASED AT MESSRS. CHRISTIE'S THE OTHER DAY BY MESSRS. DUVEEN.

The group here illustrated, which was sold at Messrs. Christie's a few days ago for a thousand guineas, belongs to the notable period in the history of the famous Dresden factory when Count Brühl was at its head, and Kändler was its chief modeller. The model for the group was the Countess de Kosel, one of the beauties at the Court of Augustus II., then Elector of Saxony. The group, which is 11½ inches high, was brought to Messrs. Christie's some time ago by a gentleman who offered to sell for a small sum. The famous firm of auctioneers at once told him the article's real value, with the result already shown.

Photograph by the Advance Agency.





THE WEDDING OF LORD KITCHENER'S A.D.C.:  
MRS. R. J. MARKER, WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK  
PLACE LAST WEEK.

Photograph by Langflier.

Last November brides have Wednesday's reason to fear London fogs, but both last Wednesday's (21st) smart bridals were blessed with mild weather. A very pretty wedding, which took place at the Guards Chapel, was that of Major R. J. Marker, D.S.O., Lord Kitchener's able A.D.C., and Miss Beatrice Jackson, the daughter of Sir Thomas Jackson, of Stansted House, Essex. Lord Kitchener is popularly supposed to prefer bachelors to married men, but the lovely sheaf of lilies carried by the bride was his gift, and the honeymoon is being spent by the happy pair in the lovely country-house of one of Lord Kitchener's

closest friends, Mr. Pandeli Ralli. The second notable wedding took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, and also brought together a distinguished crowd of military folk, for the bridegroom was Mr. George Henry Campbell, who is a Lieutenant in the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, and the bride Miss Elizabeth Garnier, the elder daughter of the popular Rector of Quidenham, Norfolk.

#### Stars in Conjunction.

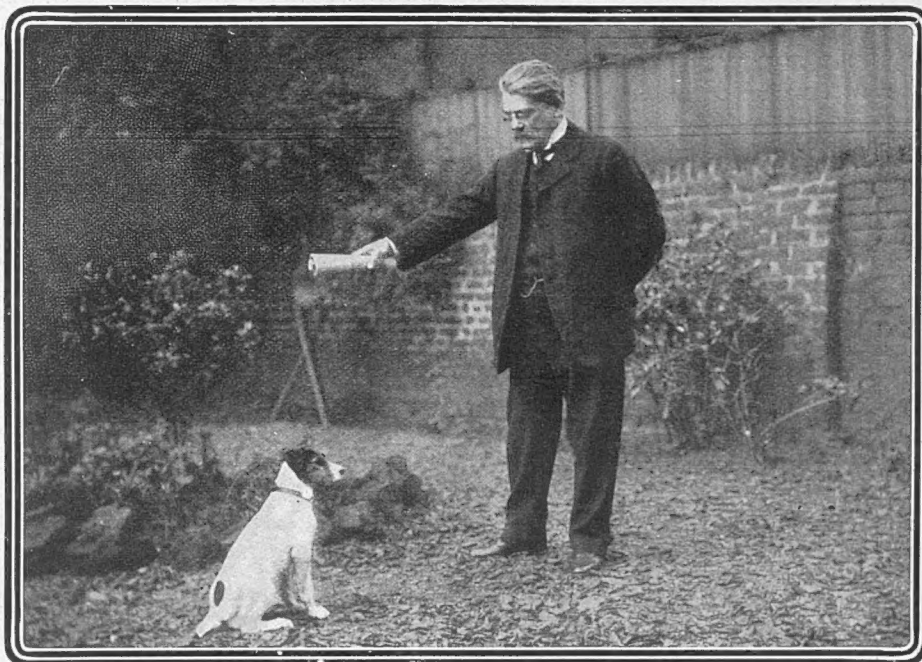
The Paris stage is occupied in marrying and giving in marriage. There is, for instance, La Belle Otéro, who is about to marry a rich Englishman of Buenos Ayres. In a week's time you will see the beautiful Spaniard coming down the steps of the church of La Madeleine, smiling under her wreath of orange-blossoms and leaning lovingly on the arm of the husband-elect. That, at least, is the prospective picture; but one never knows—the colours are rarely "fixed" in the world of romance. Then, too, there is Madame Emma Calvé, who is making a most fairy-like marriage, according to all accounts. A blind American millionaire has fallen in love with her voice and wishes to unite himself with its possessor. He has a cool two millions or so, and she is quite well off; together they will sail the blue, blue waters of the Mediterranean. And she, Queen of Song, will sing to her fiancé and his friends—sing her operatic triumphs, so that sailors passing in the white-winged barques may fancy that the days of sirens have come again, the days of Ulysses and of Orpheus. But so worried has the future bride been by the interviewers that she has left her house and sheltered in a friendly hotel. Oh, unfeeling Fourth Estate! Let us hope that this romance also will come to a perfect fruition. But La Belle Calvé has the air of saying neither "Yea" nor "Nay" to the picturesque story.

"Divorçons." This is the romantic side, and quite as it should be. But, alas and alack! while some are marrying, others are divorcing. Quite a little epidemic of divorce prevails on the French stage at the moment. A well-known couple, husband and wife being both engaged in comedy, have resolved to end their married existence, and are asking the Courts, these days, to put them asunder. Then there is another pair, extremely well known on the boulevards. The husband is author and playwright, as well as sportsman in his leisure moments; the wife is an author, and since quite recently an actress. Now they have resolved to separate, and the affair is a little complicated because the husband contemplated the erection of a theatre in which his wife should play his pieces. Interesting, the question why people of big temperaments, such as artists and actors, cannot live comfortably for long under the same roof. One would suppose that they would make the ideal couple, responding to each other's mood, gay or serious according to the impulse of the hour, but always sympathetic the one with the other. Yet it does not seem to be so in real life. Like repels like by the domestic hearth, and then there is a storm which breaks over the Divorce Court.



THE WEDDING OF LORD KITCHENER'S A.D.C.:  
MAJOR R. J. MARKER, D.S.O., WHOSE MAR-  
RIAGE TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK

Photograph by Langflier.



TRYING PLATO ON THE DOG: DR. EMIL REICH AND HIS FAVOURITE FOX-TERRIER.

Photograph by Halfones, Ltd.

#### King Alfonso and Cruelty to Animals.

A few days ago, King Alfonso and Queen Victoria Eugénie of Sunny Spain were motoring along a country road, when they came upon the diligence from Villaviciosa to Odon unable to proceed because one of the wretched horses which drew the

conveyance had fallen down. The driver was attempting to rouse the animal by beating it in the most cruel way, when a smart motor-car drove up, and seeing what had happened, the male occupant jumped out and, unfastening the harness, managed to raise the poor brute to its feet. It was not until the diligence was once more ready to start that the driver recognised that the chauffeur who had given him such a practical lesson in kindness to animals was none other than the King himself.

#### The Emperor of Annam's Cooks.

The Emperor of Annam has gained an unpleasant notoriety in Europe of late on account of the tortures he is said to have inflicted on his unfortunate wives. Apparently, next to being a wife of the Emperor, the position of being his cook is a most unenviable privilege, for if the dishes which he sends up to the royal



MR. GEORGE CAMPBELL, WHOSE WEDDING  
TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

Photograph by Thomson.



MRS. GEORGE CAMPBELL, WHOSE WEDDING  
TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

Photograph by Thomson.



table are not properly cooked, he is punished with eighty strokes of a rattan or bamboo. There is a certain measure of justice in that; but he is decidedly unlucky if the Emperor eats too much and gets indigestion, for then the cook is rewarded with one hundred blows. It must be no sinecure being a *cordon bleu* in Annam, and the post of chef to the palace cannot be the subject of very keen competition.

*The Extraordinary  
Self-Accusation of  
Bigamy.*

Mrs. Wagstaffe, whose portrait we give, is the central figure of one of the most extraordinary of the numerous self-accusation cases that have been recorded of recent years. A few days ago, Mrs. Wagstaffe went into Kensington



ANOTHER £20,000 OUT OF RATEPAYERS' POCKETS: THE SITE OF HOLBORN'S NEW TOWN-HALL.

The hall is to be built out of the capital account, the L.C.C. having refused the Council permission to arrange a loan. The site of the town-hall is in Hart Street, Bloomsbury.

Photograph by Par's Press Studio.

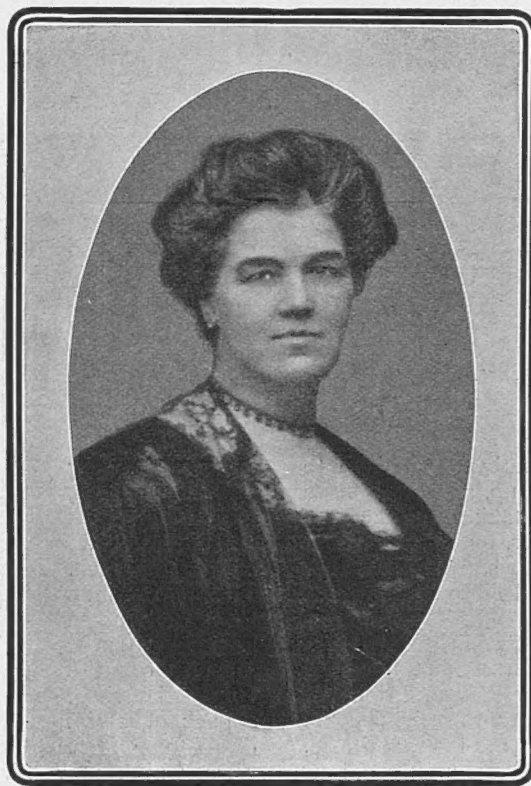
*Prince  
and  
Priest.*

Prince Max of Saxony unites in his own person two factors frequently at war—Church and State. In his case the former undoubtedly predominates—he is cleric before all things. Not many days ago he was preaching in the church of St. Laurent, Paris, to which he was once attached, and he is now Professor of Canon Law at the Catholic University of Friburg. Curiously enough, he is singularly shy, and so cannot be said to be particularly successful in the pulpit. An interesting little story of his unassuming manner and appearance is told. When Princess Marie of Bourbon was married recently to one of the Saxon Princes there appeared at the church door at Cannes a young priest so poorly clad that those in authority refused to admit



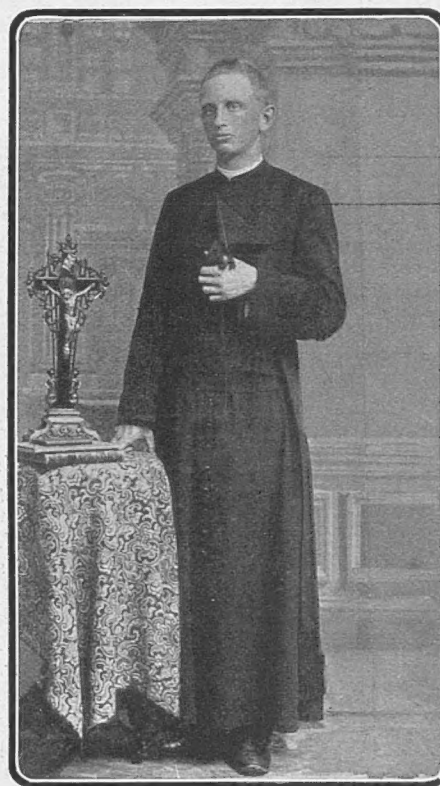
THE NEW NAVAL A.D.C. TO THE KING:  
CAPTAIN A. A. C. GALLOWAY, R.N.

Photograph by Russell, Southsea.



THE LADY WHO HAS ACCUSED HERSELF OF BIGAMY:  
MRS. WAGSTAFFE.

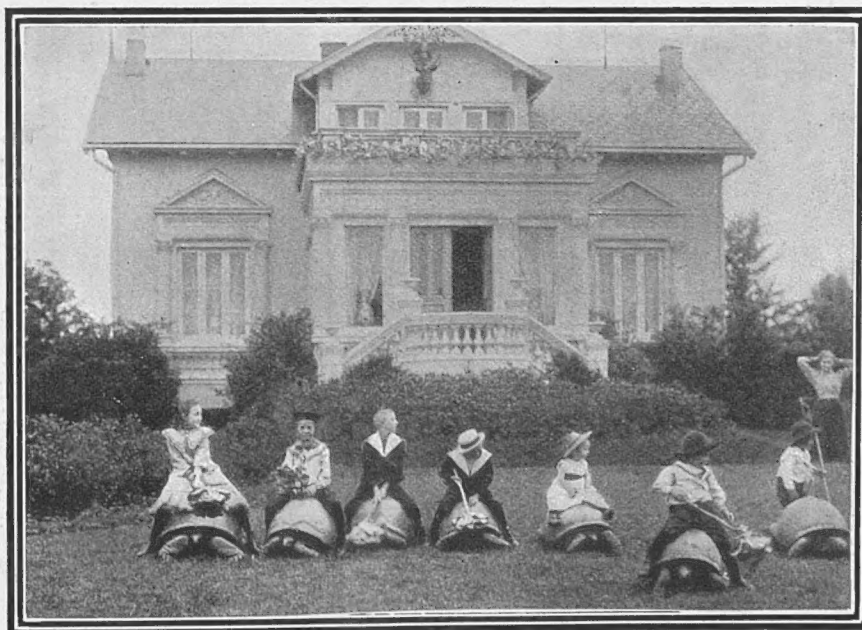
Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



PRINCE AND PRIEST:  
THE REV. PRINCE MAX OF SAXONY.

Photograph by the Exclusive Agency.

Police Station, accompanied by her secretary, and there announced her desire to give herself up for bigamy. It appears, according to the *Chronicle*, that Mrs. Wagstaffe was Miss Josephine Burns, and that in 1884 she married Mr. A. G. Jalland. Nine years later she wedded Mr. J. P. Wagstaffe, a Deputy-Lieutenant of Bedfordshire. Mr. Wagstaffe died in 1903, leaving almost the whole of his estate of £174,000 to his wife. Some two years ago, after the will had been proved, relatives of Mr. Wagstaffe began to make inquiries, and entered an action against Mrs. Wagstaffe, who, by the way, they did not accuse of bigamy. This is likely to be heard early in the New Year, and promises to be most dramatic, if not absolutely sensational.



YOUTHFUL DE ROUGEMONT: BOYS AND GIRLS RIDING TORTOISES.

The incident illustrated took place in the famous Hagenbeck "Zoo," near Hamburg. The strange steeds are said to have been very obedient. Large leaves were used as whips.

Photograph by Halfstones, Ltd.

him. Needless to say, this priest was Prince Max, and he had to disclose his identity as brother of the bridegroom before he was allowed to enter.

*Peers' Dinners and Teas.* Most of the Peers attending the daily debates on the Education Bill have gone to their clubs or homes for dinner. Fully an hour is allowed for the purpose, and, except in a few cases, it is considerably exceeded. There is a large dining-room in connection with the House of Lords, but only about a score of Peers have sat down in it on any occasion. The teas, however, are very popular. They are a relief from the tedium of debate, and the Peeresses and other lady relatives gladly forsake the side-galleries to drink a cup with their Lordships.



### A Daughter of the Cabinet.

The Liberal Cabinet is not so rich as was its Conservative predecessor in the matter of fair feminine belongings, for quite a number of Cabinet Ministers are either widowers or bachelors. The most brilliant exception is, of course, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who in

Mrs. Asquith has a delightful and accomplished helpmeet, and in his eldest daughter, Miss Violet Asquith, a pleasing and agreeable



THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER: MISS VIOLET ASQUITH.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

companion, as well as one who often assists her step-mother to do the honours of the fine old town house owned by Mr. and Mrs. Asquith in historic Marylebone. Miss Asquith may be said to have been first introduced to political society on the day when, as a little girl, she acted as bridesmaid at her distinguished father's marriage to

Miss Margot Tennant. She has grown up, as was to have been expected, clever and cultivated, taking the keenest interest not only in Mr. Asquith's career, but in that of her brilliant brother, Mr. Raymond Asquith, who, like his father before him, not long ago won an Oxford Fellowship.

*Mrs. Grenander.* Till lately, Anglo-Swedish marriages were comparatively rare, but now that a fair British Princess has married the Crown Prince of Sweden's eldest son, such alliances will probably become more usual. An interesting example is that of Mr. and Mrs.

Henning Grenander, for the brilliant wife of the famous Swedish skating champion was one of a group of pretty English sisters who, as the Miss Wilsons, were well known in the society of the late 'nineties, and one of whom became, not so very long ago, Mrs. Norman Forbes-Robertson. Mrs. Grenander met the noted athlete who is now her husband on the occasion of his first visit to this country; he taught her skating, and under his tuition she



THE WIFE OF THE FAMOUS SWEDISH SKATING CHAMPION: MRS. HENNING GRENANDER.

Photograph by Esme Collings.

developed into an expert performer on the ice. But in those days Miss Isabella Wilson's great hobby was music; she was a pupil of Paderewski's, and seriously thought of entering the musical profession. Then, in conjunction with two of her sisters, she started

one of the first millinery businesses ever opened by "ladies in trade." It prospered exceedingly, and naturally absorbed her energies. Miss Wilson's marriage to Mr. Grenander took place some five years ago, both bride and bridegroom being at the time enthusiastic frequenters of Prince's, where their skating always created a great sensation. Their little daughter, who recalls her parents' mixed nationality in her Christian names of Jean Ingeborg, bids fair to become an infant prodigy among skating children.

### The Wedding of Mr. "Archie" Hamilton.

A wedding of considerable interest to the great world was that celebrated recently between Mr. "Archie" Hamilton and Miss Algorta Child. Mr. Hamilton is the eldest son of Sir Edward Hamilton, of Iping House, Midhurst, and is heir to two baronetcies, for his father is second Baronet of Trebinshun House, Brecknockshire, and fourth Baronet of Marlborough House, Hants.

His first wife, whom he married in 1898, was Miss Olga Mary Adelaide FitzGeorge, the only daughter of the late Admiral Adolphus FitzGeorge, and granddaughter of the late Duke of Cambridge. The christening of their son, took place in the Chapel Royal, before a number of Royalties. Mr. Hamilton was to have followed his



MRS. "ARCHIE" HAMILTON, WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE A FEW DAYS AGO.

father by going into the Guards, but a defect in eyesight put an end to the idea. To hunting-men he is well known as a former Master of the Iping Harriers, a pack of 20-in. dwarf foxhounds. Miss Child, now Mrs. Hamilton, is the only daughter of Mr. George Child, of Widford, Herts.

### Mrs. Hwfa Williams.

Mrs. Hwfa Williams, whose recent accident was a source of great concern to her innumerable friends, is one of the most interesting, as well as one of the most popular, personalities in the Smart Set—indeed, at one time it was said that she and her husband and Mr. and Mrs. Willie Grenfell (now Lord and Lady Desborough) were the most prominent untitled couples in London. But though untitled, this clever and versatile lady is connected with many noted folk whose names are to be found in the Peerage. She was a Miss Farquharson, the daughter of a house famed in the annals of British sport, and among her sisters-in-law are Lady Charles Ker, the Dowager Duchess of Wellington, and Lady Bulkeley. The establishment of the Sandown Park Club by Mr. Hwfa Williams gave his wife a considerable position among the great racing hostesses, and even now she is generally present at most of the leading races-meetings.

### A Musician in Trouble.

Poor Caruso is not the first public favourite to find himself for the time being under a cloud. The happy days of Antonio Lolli, the violinist at the Court of Catherine II., were suddenly interrupted by a frightful order from the Empress. The Chief Commissary of Police, Reliewsky, tried to break it gently. Was it expulsion? Worse than expulsion. Exile? Worse than Siberia. Imprisonment? Worse than imprisonment. Surely not the indignity of the knout? Worse even than the knout. And then the dreadful story came out. The Empress had ordered that Lolli was to be stuffed and put in a glass case! The poor man nearly died with horror, but reviving, he bribed and bribed until he got a letter carried to the Empress. Then there was a pretty scene. The Empress, it seems, had named her favourite spaniel "Lolli." It had died, and she had ordered Reliewsky to have it stuffed. He had thought that the order related to the poor virtuoso. There was a reconciliation, but Lolli left Russia soon afterwards.



MRS. HWFA WILLIAMS, WHO RECENTLY UNDERWENT AN OPERATION TO HER FOOT.

Photograph by Thomson.



# DEATH, DOCTORS, AND OPSONIN:

"THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA," AT THE COURT.

Sir Colenso Ridgdon  
(Mr. Ben Webster).

Sir Patrick Cullen  
(Mr. William Farren jun.)



The Newspaper Man  
(Mr. Trevor Lowe).

Cutler Walpole  
(Mr. James Hearn).

Jennifer Dubedat  
(Miss Lillah McCarthy).

Louis Dubedat  
(Mr. Granville Barker).

Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonnington  
(Mr. Eric Lewis).

SIR PATRICK: He wants to know is the newspaper man here.

NEWSPAPER MAN: Yes, Mr. Dubedat, here I am.

Sir Colenso Ridgdon—Tuberculosis Specialist  
(Mr. Ben Webster).

Leo Schutzmacher—Owner of a "6d. Cure"  
(Mr. Michael Sherbrooke).

Cutler Walpole—Surgical Specialist  
(Mr. James Hearn).

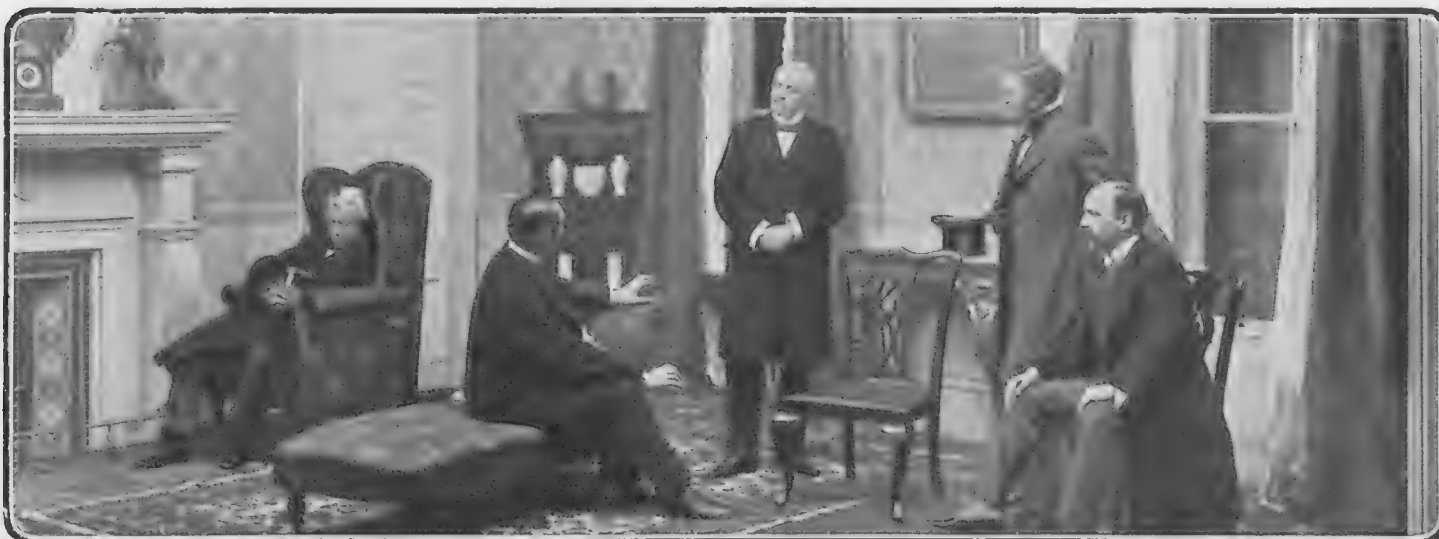


Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonnington—Society Physician  
(Mr. Eric Lewis).

Sir Patrick Cullen—Doctor of the Old School  
(Mr. William Farren jun.).

Dr. Blenkinsop—Semi-Slum Doctor  
(Mr. Edmund Gurney).

DR. BLENKINSOP: No, no! It's no use—I can't afford to take care of myself, so there's an end of it.



Sir Patrick Cullen  
(Mr. William Farren jun.).

Dr. Blenkinsop  
(Mr. Edmund Gurney).

Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonnington  
(Mr. Eric Lewis).

Sir Colenso Ridgdon  
(Mr. Ben Webster).

Cutler Walpole  
(Mr. James Hearn).

SIR RALPH: Well, they recovered! They recovered!

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.





By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

### A Death-Bed Requit.

The remarkable case recently concluded in the Law Courts, in which a woman claimed a legacy under the will of a man to whom she had been wife in all but law, has had a less remarkable sequel than attended the marriage of a former Earl of Strathmore. A gay and handsome man, he won the affections of a pretty country-girl, daughter of a market-gardener at Staindrop. He proposed, was accepted, and went through what she quite believed was the legal marriage ceremony. Their son, John Bowes, was sent to Eton, where, of course, he was known as Lord Glamis. On his death-bed Lord Strathmore confessed to his victim that he had deceived her; that their marriage had been only a mock ceremony. She was not, nor ever had been, really his wife. "Then," she said, "you mean to marry me now. I will have no more of secret marriages, thank you"; and, though he was almost at the point of death, she had him carried to the church, and there, in the presence of everyone who could be called to the church, she married him legally. He did not long survive the reparation. She did. But nothing could make amends to the son.

### The Passage of the Dead.

Livingstone's daughter is travelling in safety over land where her father's body was carried with difficulty. There are few stranger stories than that of the passage of the explorer's body to Zanzibar. His heroic bearers were attacked by lions and snakes; they were assailed by fever and malaria; they were beset by human enemies, and fought one pitched battle. But the time came when they could advance no further: the natives of the country had a dread of permitting a dead body to pass over their territory. Subterfuge was tried: the mummified body was packed like a bale of merchandise; a dummy corpse was made up with canvas and bark and strips of wood. Then a bearer party set out to carry the latter back for interment at Unyanyembe. This satisfied the enemy, who permitted the cortège to pass on its way to the coast. The mock bearer party gradually destroyed their load as they marched, throwing away a piece at a time, so that there should be no discovery in bulk. One after another, as the load lightened, the men dived off the trail and secretly regained the camp. When the last vestige of the "corpse" had been thus disposed of, the whole party rejoined the expedition, and the dead hero came down as merchandise.

**Miraculous Bones!** The interesting address which all of us have been reading concerning some holy relics brings to mind a certain wonder-working collection of relics handed by the Pope to a former Prince Radzivil. The Prince had the relics carried to his home, where the fame of the consignment induced people to beg him to try their effect as a "cure." He consented. The result

was miraculous. The Prince was as happy as the rest of those present. But he observed a malicious smile on the features of the courier who had carried the precious burden from Rome. He demanded an explanation, and the courier, having first obtained promise of pardon, made a confession. On his way back from Rome he had been robbed of the relics, but fearing to admit his loss, he had obtained as substitute a number of small bones of dogs, cats, and other trifles. These it was which had been worshipped; these which had wrought the miracles.

**Flashes of Silence.** If the German Emperor's friend Moltke be as little addicted to speech as his famous namesake, Kaiser William will have many brilliant flashes of silence for which to thank him. The old Moltke scorned loquacity. He was not

often bored by it, for he was deaf. If in the Reichstag he moved nearer to a speaker, as sometimes Lord Ripon will do to-day in the House of Lords, that was a compliment indeed to the orator. His own speeches were models of brevity. How Sir Carne Rasch must have admired him! Nowhere was this trait more noticeable than at public banquets. In proposing a toast he would simply say, "His Majesty the King," or he might extend it to, "The health of his Majesty the King." Officers took to betting beforehand on the number of words which the veteran would employ. One officer put his money on nine words for a toast at an oyster breakfast. He

IL SERA PRÉSENTÉ PAR TÊTE (Enquête spéciale)					
SOUS-FORME DE	APPORT MATÉRIEL			APPORT d'énergie Calories utilisables	UNITÉS nutritives organiques utilisables (1 gramme d'hydro-carbonée digestible)
	Matières azotées digestib.	Matières grasses digestib.	Matières hydro-carbonées digestib.		
	gramm.	gramm.	gramm.		
Blisque d'écrevisses . . . . .	5.86	9.35	5.35	137.55	33.52
Petits feuilletés à la Parisienne . . . . .	3.20	10.62	7.99	146.86	35.80
Truite saumonée sauce moussieuse . . . . .	17.52	7.06	1.83	150.83	30.72
Cœur de filet de bœuf Monte-Carlo . . . . .	17.26	13.39	0.57	240.94	58.08
Poularde à la Derby . . . . .	28.11	18.16	2.46	304.56	74.14
Neige à l'Armagnac . . . . .	0.05	0.05	6.72	31.57	7.67
Faisans et Perdreaux bardés sur croûtons . . . . .	46.92	20.41	2.06	398.19	95.77
Pâté de foie gras de Strasbourg . . . . .	6.48	15.28	1.94	172.00	42.00
Salade Catalane . . . . .	0.29	4.02	0.78	42.31	9.11
Pointes d'asperges à la crème . . . . .	1.11	10.28	1.90	109.26	26.61
Gâteau Palais d'Orsay . . . . .	2.70	11.36	7.70	150.14	36.80
Bombe du Congrès . . . . .	3.86	4.25	9.39	93.16	23.24
Fromage . . . . .	4.28	4.18	0.55	60.43	14.71
Fruits . . . . .	0.31	0.33	17.67	76.83	18.75
Pain et pâtisseries (Desserts) . . . . .	13.85	1.90	105.38	511.00	124.60
<b>TOTAL . . . . .</b>	<b>151.83</b>	<b>130.84</b>	<b>181.29</b>	<b>2627.63</b>	<b>639.74</b>
Soit la ration journalière d'un homme fournissant un travail modéré.				Relation nutritive 1 2.9	

THE "SKELETON" AT THE FEAST: THE MENU, WITH AN ANALYSIS OF THE FOOD-VALUE OF EACH COURSE, USED AT A BANQUET HELD BY THE FOOD CONGRESS IN PARIS.

The banquet which was held by the Food Congress in Paris at the conclusion of the debates was marked by the production of the unique menu here illustrated. As will be noted, there was given on one side of the card the list of courses; on the other side an analysis, in tabular form, of the food-value of each course. As may also be seen, there was a footnote to the table, stating "these totals represent the daily ration of a man furnishing a moderate sum of labour."

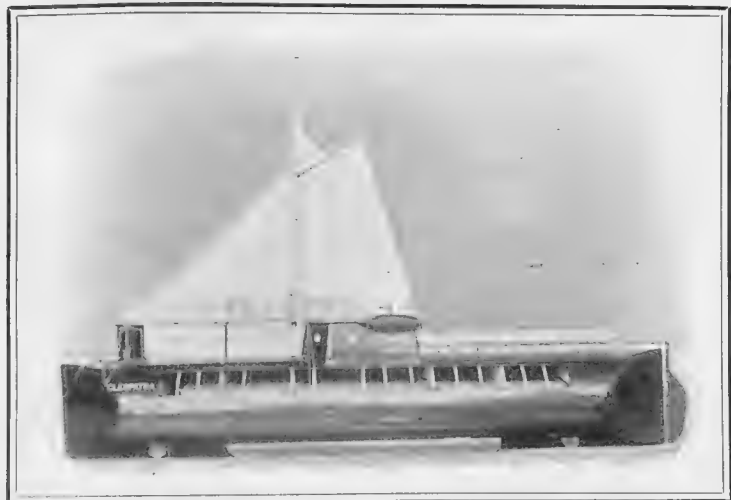
lost by one word, for Moltke, after mature reflection, added, "Gentlemen." The loser was sad. "The Field-Marshal is growing old," he said; "he becomes talkative."

### Asleep on a Locomotive.

It is late in the day to renew discussion of the Grantham railway accident, but a story which has just come to hand may prove its own excuse. It is the story of an engine-driver of other days on one of our greatest lines. It would make an ordinary passenger's hair curl, he says, if all were known of the condition of some of the men on the footplate. Whatever may be the case now, when this man was driving it was not uncommon for men, wearied out by long hours at their work, to fall asleep on the footplate. "I have driven through stations asleep on the footplate," he vows. "I have had to yell out to the man in the signal-box, when I have passed signals which I ought to have noticed, 'Anything for us?' and gone on or pulled up, as he directed." Sentries fall asleep at their posts when surrounded by enemies. An engine-driver is as human as the rest of us, and as liable to nod. Here, at any rate, is one who did, and he is a conscientious man—a man whose name at one time was on the lips of all men who drive locomotives.



## OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!—SOME FREAK BOATS.



THE VESSEL SPECIALLY BUILT TO CONVEY CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE (NOW ON THE EMBANKMENT) TO ENGLAND, SHOWING THE CASE CONTAINING THE MONUMENT.

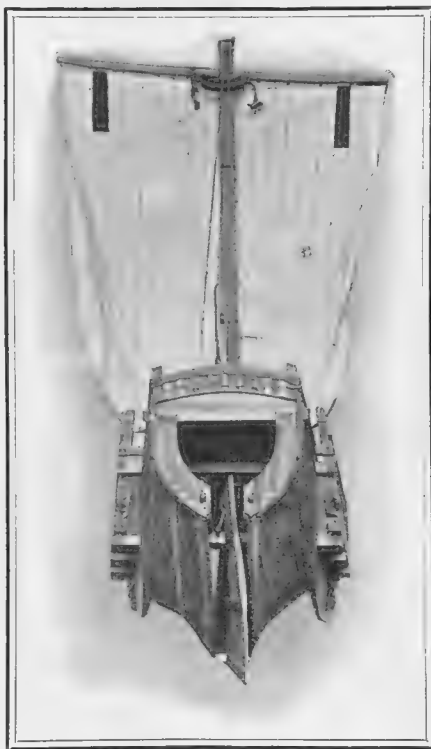


A FLAT-BOTTOMED YACHT WITH THREE PROPELLERS, BUILT FOR A TSAR OF RUSSIA, BUT FOUND TO BE UNWIELDY, DIFFICULT TO STEER, AND UNSUITED TO ROUGH WEATHER.



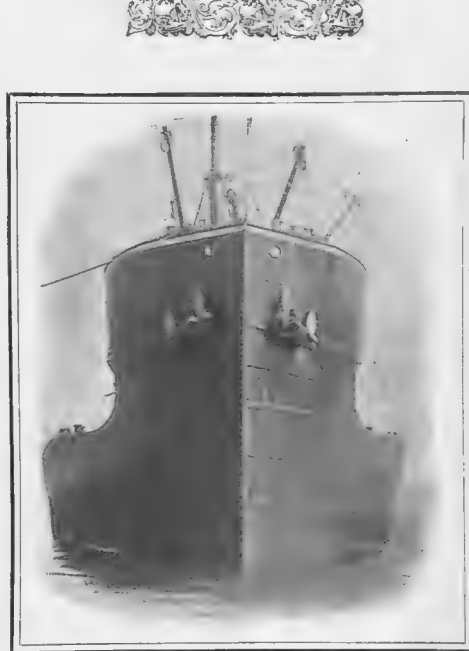
A VESSEL THAT CAN ONLY SAIL BEFORE THE WIND: A BURMESE JUNK.

As we note above, these Burmese vessels can only sail before the wind. They make journeys up the Irawadi, and get over the difficulty of returning by the simple expedient of floating back with the current.



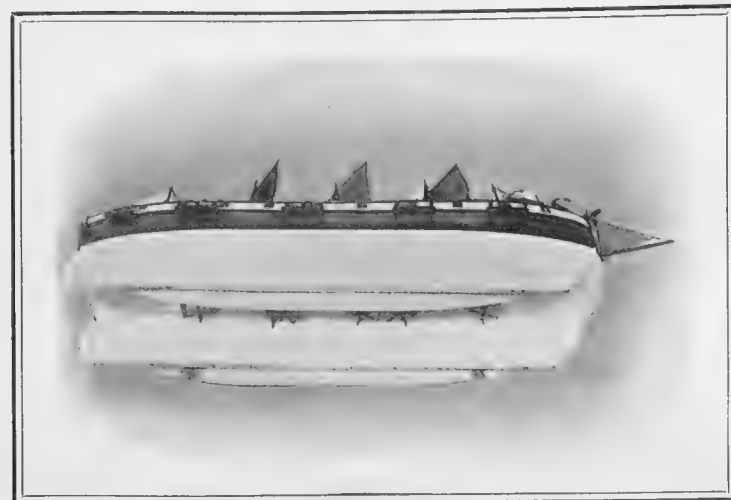
A JAPANESE VESSEL BUILT TO SINK IN ROUGH WEATHER.

Our photograph shows the old type of Japanese vessel, built in accordance with a Government regulation that ordered all such craft to be left open at the stern, in order that they might be prevented from undertaking long voyages. In rough weather they would, of course, be swamped.



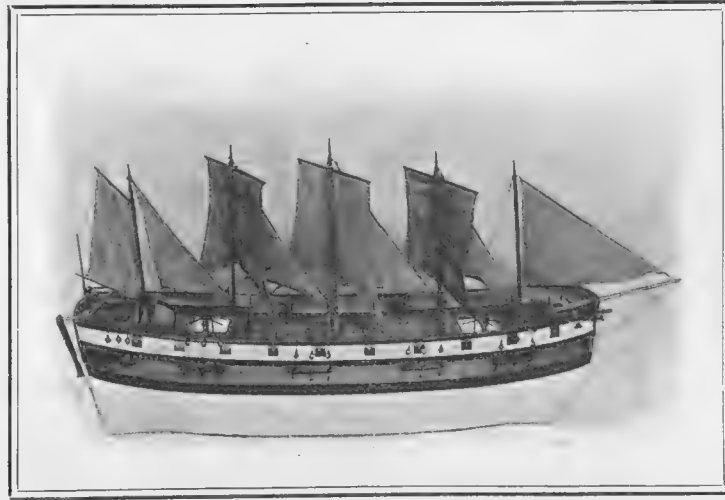
A TURRET VESSEL BUILT TO CARRY AN EXCEPTIONALLY LARGE CARGO.

This form of vessel is constructed in the manner shown, so that timber may be lashed outside the turret. This makes it possible for the vessel to carry a very large cargo, and for that cargo to be unloaded very quickly.



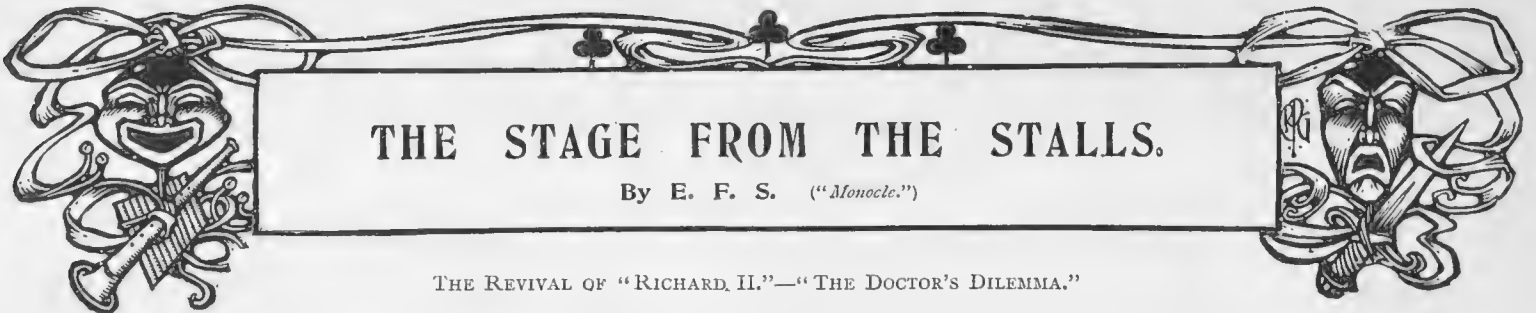
A DOUBLE-HULL AUXILIARY PADDLE-STEAMER.

The vessel here illustrated is a double-hulled ship, constructed in such a way that its paddles were driven by means of capstans turned by hand. A speed of four-and-a-half knots an hour could be obtained.—[Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.]



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME BOAT, DRIVEN BY MANUAL LABOUR.





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

THE REVIVAL OF "RICHARD II."—"THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA."

THERE is not very much to be said about the revival of "Richard II.," a play with which the dramatic critics are now very well acquainted. One may recommend those who have not seen it to take advantage of the short season, since it acts very much better than one would have expected from reading it, and the stage pictures are of remarkable interest. There are some new performances of merit, notably the Bolingbroke of Mr. Lyn Harding—a strong piece of work, showing a real sense of character. Whilst possessing many fine points, and, on the whole, being decidedly impressive, I do not think that Mr. Tree's Richard is one of his best performances; he hardly seems to give the fanatic and the fatalist tone, or to indicate the weakness of the man.

It is a little surprising that Mr. Shaw, after writing quite sympathetically about Louis Dubedat's art, should show himself curiously blind to the fact that a play ought to be a work of art. Louis probably would have criticised "The Doctor's Dilemma" by calling it "badly proportioned, out of drawing, ill-balanced," and have suggested that large pieces ought to be painted out. A curious fact is that if one were to remove the irrelevant matter, very much of the interest would disappear. This is said without prejudice to the suggestion of many that every minute of the piece after the death of Louis is harmful, even irritating. On the other hand, no one could deny that, although somewhat puzzling and vexatious in the earlier passages, the comedy is intensely interesting, and sometimes deeply moving. The author shows a rapid growth in power of creating characters, and, naturally, his dialogue is interesting. Of course everybody will want to see the play, and everybody will get quite his money's worth. We are more interested in medicine than in politics, in doctors than divines, and Mr. Shaw's group, whilst not drawn too cruelly, is very diverting. What a lot of repetition in Society there will be of the scraps of jargon about phagocytes and opsonin and anti-toxins. Curiously enough, the dilemma which gives the name to the play does not seem very vividly handled. We feel uncertain as to the working of Ridgeon's heart. Possibly the epilogue was written to show that his decision was dishonest to his knowledge, and therefore he ought to be punished; but it must be pointed out that, apart from the question of the wife, the odds in favour of Blenkinsop are a little too heavy. The artist is rather over-painted, is needlessly vile, whilst the doctor's interest in art is not made sufficiently convincing to the audience. Mr. Shaw has been aiming at an extraordinary subtlety and has gone too far. Some of us affected to discover, or did discover, that Louis guessed the desire of the doctor to be his successor. The point was obscure, and, if made, was not taken advantage of.

Is the death-scene moving? Has "G. B. S." succeeded in "keeping a straight face long enough to deal with death on the stage"? I doubt whether it was more moving than such a scene must be, if handled by any competent craftsman. I fancy that few felt certain whether the dying speeches of Louis were mere pose or not. Such a matter ought to be made clearer to the audience. Mr. Shaw seems to love being misunderstood, and therefore delights in puzzling scenes. There is, however, no merit in being more obscure than is rendered necessary by the profundity of one's matter. Needless to say that the author joins the great army of dramatists who cause their dying characters to exhibit amazing strength. Mr. Barker faced the difficulty, was merciful to the audience, and accepted the convention, which, however, seemed out of place in such a work.

Applying the test of acting to the play, it comes out very well. There is a long cast, nearly every member of which created a strong impression by legitimate means, and this is full evidence of the author's power of inventing character.

Mr. Ben Webster, as Ridgeon, had a very long, difficult part and achieved quite a triumph both in his earnest scenes and his passages of distracted comedy during the last act. A decided "hit" was made by Mr. W. Farren junior as Sir Patrick Cullen, a kind of chorus to the doctors, to whom all their theories and discoveries appeared mere revivals. With calm, grim irony, he presented the destructive, crusty old man, and caused much hearty laughter. Cutler Walpole—the Christian name is hardly excusable—the surgeon, who considers medicine "rot" and has a lucrative mania for cutting



The Hen (Mlle. Gylda Darchy). The Turkey (Mlle. Marcelle Lender). The Blackbird (M. Gallipaux). The Dog (M. Jean Coquelin). The Pigeon (Mme. Simone Le Bargy). The Cock (M. Constant Coquelin).

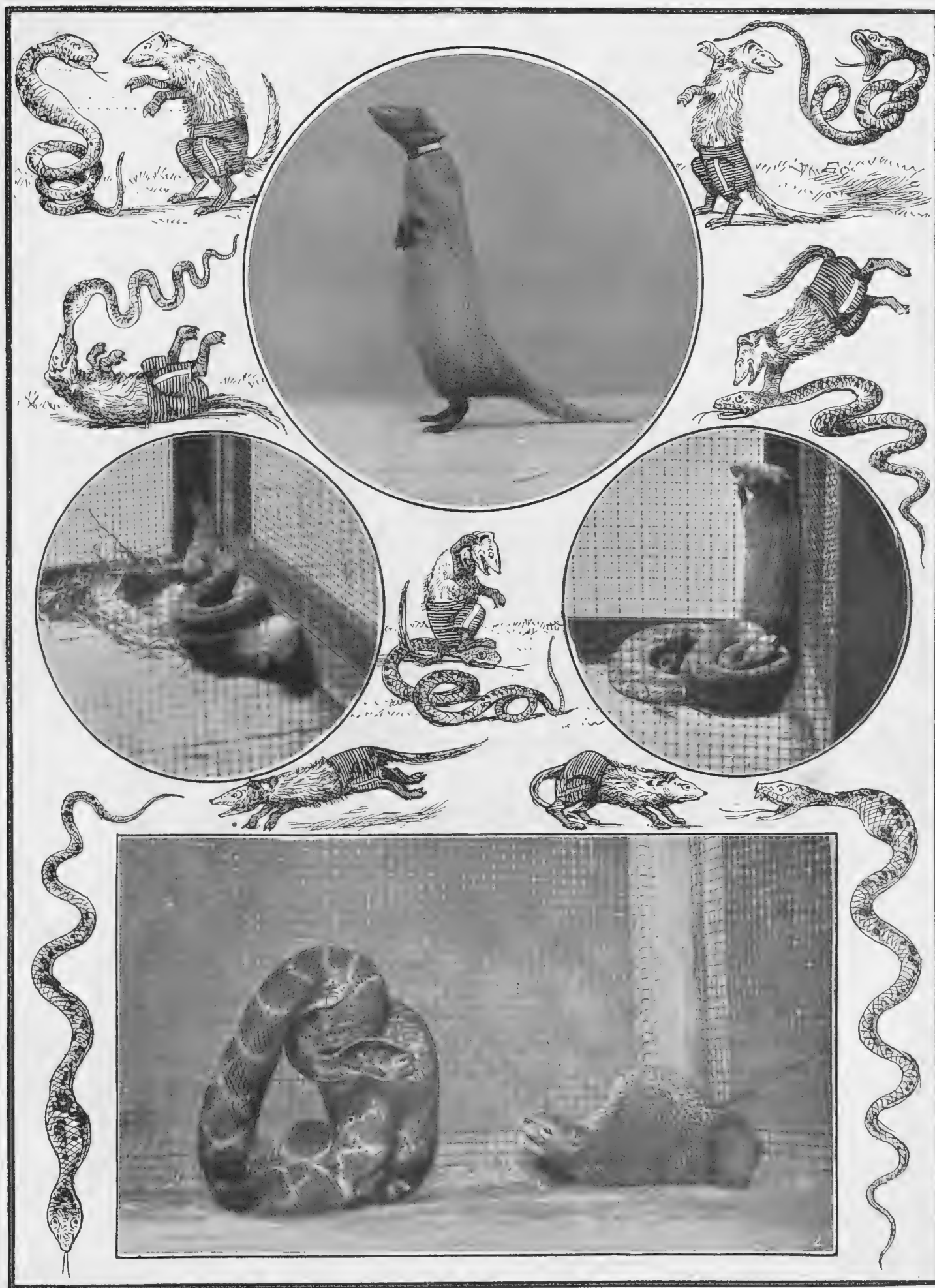
A FRENCH JOURNAL'S FORECAST OF THE PRODUCTION OF EDMOND ROSTAND'S MUCH-DISCUSSSED "ANIMAL" PLAY, "CHANTECLER": FAMOUS FRENCH ACTORS AND ACTRESSES IN UNUSUAL GUISE.

A good many months ago it was announced that Edmond Rostand, best known in this country as the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac," had written a play in which all the characters were birds or beasts, and that this drama was to be produced by M. Coquelin. Since that time there have been many rumours of presentation, but it is apparently most unlikely that the play will find a place on the boards of the theatre. The French journal from which our illustration is reproduced has taken the heads of the actors who were announced to appear in "Chantecler," and has fitted them to the bodies of the birds and beast they were cast to play.

out an atrophied organ that does not exist, is a cruel study admirably realised by Mr. James Hearn. Mr. Sherbrooke, as the sixpenny doctor who has made a fortune, and Mr. Gurney, the sixpenny doctor who almost starves, presented well-drawn types admirably. The Lew was the fashionable physician, "B. B.," acted brilliantly by Mr. Eric Lewis: we regretted the little bit of wild farce after Louis's death—which, of course, Mr. Lewis could not prevent; the rest of him was delightful as a picture of the courtly doctor, a quack without knowing it, pompous, pleasant, with a charming deathbed manner, so charming that it was almost agreeable to be killed by him. The Newspaper Man is, I believe, a gross libel on Mr. Shaw's former profession of journalism, but one cannot complain of Mr. Trevor Lowe's performance. Miss Clare Greet won hearty applause by a clever, elaborate picture of the doctor's queer old attendant, and Miss Mary Hamilton's work deserves a word of praise. Miss Lillah McCarthy, up to the death-bed scene, was wholly admirable as the artist's wife, but seemed to become rather hard and over-restrained, and Mr. Granville Barker was less imaginative than usual—indeed, neither he nor the part appeared to have any depth.



## A PERPETUAL VENDETTA: MONGOOSE v. SNAKE.



1. AN INDIAN MONGOOSE READY FOR THE FRAY, IN THE ATTITUDE OF ALARM AND INQUIRY.
2. THE MONGOOSE ESCAPING FROM BENEATH THE SNAKE.
3. THE MONGOOSE CORNERED BY A RATTLER—THE LATTER BROKE HIS ADVERSARY'S LEG, BUT WAS KILLED BY HIM.
4. PREPARING TO ENGAGE!—THE COMBATANTS SPRANG AT THE SAME TIME, AND THE MONGOOSE CAUGHT THE SNAKE BY THE NECK AND KILLED IT.

The mongoose is the sworn enemy of the snake, and there is a perpetual vendetta between them. The mongoose is easily domesticated, and in India is to be found in many houses, in the position of official exterminator of reptiles. It used to be said that it rendered itself poison-proof by eating the herb *Ophiorhiza Mungos* (Indian snakeroot) while snake-fighting, but, in reality, it owes its immunity to the celerity of its movements. In colour it is grey, flecked with black; its size is about that of a cat. Photograph No. 1 is by Mrs. L. J. Veley, D.Sc., F.L.S., and was shown at the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition at the New Gallery. Its copyright is registered. The other photographs are by Brown Bros., copyrighted by the Illustrations Bureau.



## ARE WE SOFT-HEARTED?



SHE: Are you fond of shooting, Mr. Toot-Toot?

MR. T.-T.: No. I can't bear killing things. I'm so soft-hearted; I wouldn't hurt a fly.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



# WHAT HAD HE BEEN USED TO?

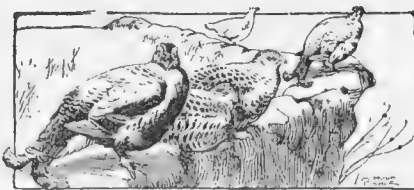
AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR AFRICAN BEDS.



DUSKY VISITOR TO ENGLAND (who has never seen a hot-water bottle before): I done kill dat beast, anyway.

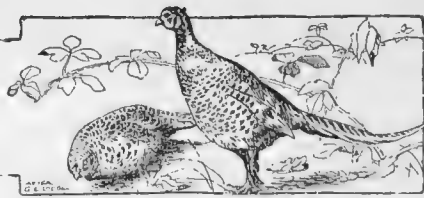
DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.





## WEEK-END PAPERS

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

*The Looker as  
Storekeeper.*

Dealing once more with the East Anglian looker, I may say that the profits enumerated last week do not represent the sum-total of the worthy man's gains. Unrestricted power is bad for any man who has neither the education nor the instinct to deal with it fairly, but it spells profit. The condition of things that prevailed throughout the Marsh-Lands a few years ago, and lingers here and there to this day, is a shameful one. Every looker has so many men under him. Perhaps he controls six or eight families for the greater part of the year, and when hay-making and harvesting come round there will be another dozen, or even a score, of men in his service for short periods. There are no provision-shops in the Marsh-Lands, and the long tramp on Saturday nights to the villages is not very tempting to one who has been hard at work since Monday morning. Long years ago it became the custom of the looker to drive into the nearest village, which might be four or five miles off, on Saturday night to buy his own stores, and then to buy additional stores to sell again to the farm-hands at a certain profit. By waiting in the village until closing-time was near at hand, and purchasing inferior stuff in bulk, he would be able to make a profit of two or three shillings out of each family every week; and as the wages of the farm hands were sometimes as low as twelve shillings, and never more than fifteen, it will be understood that they suffered considerably from the looker's kind assistance. From time to time they might even go so far as to rebel, but the looker had a short and sharp way with those who were not satisfied with his ruling. He discharged them, and they could get no redress from the farmer, who was not moved to interfere between the overseer and the men. So long as the farm was paying, he was not prepared to alter a custom that had prevailed from time immemorial. It was as natural for the looker to deal for the farm folk as for the schools to be shut when peas were ready for picking. So it came about that the looker could take at least as much from the unfortunate work-people he controlled as he received in wages.

*The Coming of  
the Harvesters.*

With the advent of harvest-time, fresh avenues of profit were open to the looker. There has never been much accommodation on the marshes; the labourers' cottages are small and few, and the sturdy farm hands are given to replenishing the earth as well as to subduing it, so when the temporary hands arrived upon the marshes and there was no house for their reception, the looker's wife came to the rescue. She would provide them with a shakedown in the out-buildings attached to the farmhouse, and for this she would make a very moderate charge—perhaps one shilling, or at most one-and-sixpence

a week. But all these passing labourers were expected to conform to the rules of the Marsh, and buy their food from the looker, and not from the nearest shops. If they were paid by piece-work they would be comparatively well off while the job lasted, and would not resent the imposition of the looker's extra profit. When they had bought their food they would need to have it cooked, and on this occasion the looker's wife was to the fore; she was prepared to cook anything they might want—at a fixed charge. Her kitchen fire was kept very busy, but as the farmer paid for the coal and repaired the stove when it was necessary, she had no reason to complain, and her charges, whether they were moderate or whether they were high, were final. If they were not paid, the men must cook their food as best they could in a place where every lump of coal belonged to

their employer. Consequently a very large commission on the wages paid by the farmer in hay-time and harvest found its way into the pockets of his representative. Happily, perhaps, for the looker and the partner of his joys, sorrows, and profits, your harvest-man is an inarticulate fellow at best. He does not know when he is being cheated, if the cheating be of a subtle rather than an obvious kind, and if he does labour under a sense of grievance he is very slow to express himself. For many years he has rendered implicit obedience to his masters in order that he may earn a bare living. To be sure, he would be prompt to cheat a gentleman farmer, but he cringes to a man of his own class, well knowing that he will be pitiless.

*From Food to  
Drink.*

When the looker had explored all the avenues that might lead him unscathed into the land of profit, he waxed greatly daring and began to take an intelligent interest in the drink traffic. There is nothing to prevent the looker from going into the village and buying up beer and spirits to retail to his men, and that this custom prevails in Marsh-Land is shown by the fact that there have been prosecutions on behalf of the Revenue of late years, and lookers have been very heavily fined. I have heard of a man whose nominal wage was twenty shillings a week paying a twenty-pound fine without any hesitation. Needless to say, everything that is sold to the work-people is diluted in fashion that should earn the praise of those who support the temperance cause, and there is no doubt that this illicit traffic prevails to-day in many corners of the Marsh-Lands. Publicans are not concerned with the ultimate destination of the beer and spirits which they sell to the looker; the farm-hands who purchase it do not grumble overmuch if the charges are higher than they would be in the village, because they are saved a walk of six or eight miles, and there are many times of the year when such a journey is extremely unpleasant.



1. TREATING A PARROT WITH A BROKEN WING. 2. EXAMINING A PIGEON WITH A BROKEN LEG.  
3. A PARROT UNDERGOING TREATMENT FOR "BARE CHEST." 4. DOCTORING A PET RAT.

TRAINED NURSES FOR INJURED PETS: SCENES IN AN ANIMALS' HOSPITAL.

Photographs by Bennett.

THIS IS NOT A BEEHIVE !



THE GLASS-BRICK BACK WALL OF THE HIGHEST HOUSE IN PARIS—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM BELOW.

The house is number 25 bis, Rue Franklin, opposite the Trocadero Gardens, and commands one of the finest views in the world. It is built of concrete, with the exception of the back wall, which is composed of hollow glass bricks.

*Photograph by S. Voirol.*



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE recent decision of the Court of Appeal in the copyright case relating to some of Lamb's letters is likely to have important results on literature. The judgment is to the effect that the copyright of any literary work printed after the death of its writer rests in the owner of the actual manuscript from which it is printed. The dispute between two publishing firms turned on the point that one of them had acquired the rights of Lamb's surviving representatives, whilst the other had bought the copyright of some new letters from the holder of the autograph copies. The latter won the case. Copyright law is particularly difficult, and the precise effect of the decision I do not attempt to indicate. But it seems that any owner of manuscript letters may print them or sell the right to print them after the writer's death without challenge from anyone. At the same time, the surviving representatives may apply for and receive an injunction prohibiting publication before the letters are printed. But, as a matter of fact, these representatives will probably be ignorant of the existence of many letters, and these may be published without their knowledge, and if they are so published, no damages can be recovered. This seems particularly hard, but it will make the task of many unauthorised biographers much easier than it is at present. Every consideration of equity points to the desirability of an amendment in the copyright law. It ought not to be possible for anyone to publish the letters of the dead without authority from their representatives.

It is but too easy to write nonsense, and even mischievous nonsense, about Walt Whitman, and it is matter for congratulation that so sane and able a critic as Mr. Bliss Perry has prepared the good grey poet's Life (Constable). It was originally intended that the biographer should be Mr. John Burroughs, one of Walt Whitman's oldest friends. Other literary engagements prevented Mr. Burroughs from carrying out this plan, but he has assisted Mr. Perry in the preparation of a modest, sensible, competent, and judiciously brief memoir. Many points are slightly touched. The period of Whitman's stormy youth is discreetly summarised as follows by Mr. Burroughs—"Through this period (1840-1855), without entering into particulars, it is enough to say that he sounded all experiences of life, with all their passions, pleasures, and abandonments. He was young, in perfect bodily condition, and had the City of New York and its ample opportunities around him. I trace this period in some of the poems of 'Children of Adam,' and occasionally in other parts of his book, including 'Calamus.'"

The earliest reception of "Leaves of Grass" in England makes an interesting story. Mr. Perry prints a letter by Matthew Arnold. It is characteristic. Arnold says: "I do not contest Mr. Walt Whitman's powers and originality. I doubt, however, whether here, too, or in France, or in Germany, a public functionary would not have had to pay for the pleasure of being so outspoken the same penalty which your

friend has paid in America. As to the general question of Mr. Walt Whitman's poetical achievements, you will think that it savours of our decrepit old Europe when I add that, while you think it his highest merit that he is so unlike anyone else, to me this seems to be his demerit." But among his warm admirers were F. W. H. Myers, J. A. Symonds, Edward Dowden, William Bell Scott, and W. M. Rossetti. Rossetti did as much for Walt as anyone, and he won for him what Mr. Perry rightly calls the singular and noble friendship of Mrs. Anne Gilchrist. Tennyson was also an admirer, and at first Swinburne. Mr. Perry is probably entitled to make the most of Mr. Swinburne's praise. It was Swinburne who said of Whitman's

threnody, "When Lilacs Last in the Door-Yard Bloom'd," that it was "the most sonorous nocturne ever chanted in the church of the world." But perhaps Mr. Perry might have been more candid on Mr. Swinburne's later opinion and on the extraordinarily adverse and severe judgment of Mr. Watts Dunton

Walt Whitman, while apparently frank, was singularly secretive in various ways. To the end of his life, in spite of ill-health, he kept up a good heart, and, as a rule, maintained his faith in the permanence of his own work. He said late in life to a friend, "There are things in 'Leaves of Grass' which I would no sooner write now than cut off my right hand. But I am glad I printed them." About six months before his death, he told another associate that he had been reading over "Leaves of Grass," and "for the first time," he said, "I have had a doubt as to whether that book will live." But the mood was transient. He seemed to be very poor, and he was supported for years by the contributions of many friends, contributions often made out of small means. Without saying anything to anyone, Walt Whitman spent in 1891 nearly £800 upon a massive tomb in Harleigh Cemetery, and during his last illness, when he was supposed to be penniless, he had several thousand dollars in the bank. In this he was like Dr. Johnson, who in his last days desired to go to Italy, but abandoned the

thought when an application for pecuniary aid to the Government was not successful. It turned out, however, when Johnson died that he had hoarded a considerable sum.

Henry George junior, the son of the famous agitator, has written a romance based upon his father's life. The title is "The Romance of John Bainbridge."

The lamented death of Thomas Leighton, the bookbinder, who was struck down while attending the funeral of his wife, brings to mind the curious fact that his grandfather was the first man to bind books in cloth cases. Thomas Leighton's father, Robert Leighton, was an artist in his way, and designed excellent covers for new books. Thomas Leighton was in the full vigour of his manhood when the fatal blow fell. The wholesale bookbinding firm of Leighton had no serious rival in the field with the exception of the great house of Messrs. Burn, in Hatton Garden.

O. O.



FRANCE'S GREATEST SCULPTOR, M. AUGUSTE RODIN, CONCERNING WHOSE LIFE AND WORK AN IMPORTANT BOOK HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED.

Mr. Frank Lawton has just issued, through Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, an important book on "The Life and Work of Auguste Rodin." The publication seems a little premature—it is to be hoped that the great French sculptor has yet a long life to live and much work to do—but already it is well spoken of. Our photograph shows M. Rodin in the gardens of his home at Meudon.

Photograph by Laurence and Co.

# *The End of Edison Juggins — Ex-Greatest Inventor of the Age.*

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



## VI.—THE EDISON JUGGINS HOME-TRAINER FOR CRACK SCULLERS.

The Thames Rowing Club's new training-tank seemed unnecessary to Mr. Edison Juggins. Quite as much exercise, he argued, could be obtained by means of his invention, and he heaped coals of fire on the heads of all scoffers who were willing to test his apparatus. We may add (with apologies) that it was the last scuttle that broke the genius's head.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

"VOILÀ LE SUCCÈS!"

BY ALPHONSE COURLANDER.



PAUL FRIQUEMONT walked along the narrow street in Montmartre, clasping in one hand a lettuce, and in the other the special artists' number of the *Figaro Illustré*. The lettuce, which Aimée would transform deftly into a *salade*, had cost him five sous: for the *Figaro Illustré* he had paid fifty sous. So you see the manner of man Paul Friquemont was. It was summer in Paris, the pleasure-time of those who dwell on the hill overlooking the city of light and laughter. The sun glared upon the white dome of Sacre-Cœur, perched on the Montmartre heights, and the breezes, instead of cooling the streets, sent little hot ripples of air, which bore with them the familiar odours of the dry and dusty gutters. The red-and-white striped blinds were drawn over the shop-windows, the yellow marrows placed outside the greengrocers' shops were withered and dried in the sun, the narrow rows of tables outside the obscure cafés were laid with napery which, though soiled, looked clean and white from the distance in the strong, clear light.

It was, in fact, very hot: so hot, thought Friquemont, as he toiled towards his *logement* in the Rue des Nains, that one could not eat. To those who have not the wherewithal to purchase much food, any excuse but the right one well serves for a small meal.

For Friquemont was poor; not with the desperate poverty of the starving man, but with the happy indifference of the Bohemian—the artist whose art and whose work is food enough, for the joy it gives to the mind and for the solace it renders to the heart. You would not have told he was poor from a glance at him, for among those of Montmartre fine clothes are no index to the state of a man's purse. And, besides, does a poor man whistle the lilting chorus of "L'Amour Boiteux"? The only deduction you could have made from his appearance was that he was an artist. He wore the orthodox slouch-hat, crushed carelessly over his curling black hair—hair which had been allowed to grow into a thick cushion at the back. His jacket of serge, his flowing black tie, his baggy trousers dwindling into narrowness at the ankles, all cried of art.

He reached the Rue des Nains, and stopped at the concierge's lodge to joke airily with the fat old lady, whose husband worked in the picture-shop next door, and therefore judged himself akin to Friquemont. "Hé!" screamed Madame Blois shrilly, as he began to climb the stairs to the fifth floor. "Il est venu un m'sieur demander après vous."

Paul leaned over the banisters for further particulars.

The gentleman, panted the concierge, had asked for him about an hour ago. He was well clad. No, most certainly no; he was not an artist—my faith! Do artists wear glistening silk hats and white spats over patent-leather boots? He left no name; he said he would call again . . . later on. "And," added Madame, as Paul's legs disappeared among the next flight of stairs, "the postman has been to collect the bill for the butcher." They have a way, these Parisian tradespeople, of arranging with a postal official for the collection of overdue accounts. He will call three times, and if he is not paid —!

Friquemont pushed open the door of his *logement*. It was one room and a tiny inner room, which he and Aimée used as a kitchen and eating-room. The larger room was the studio and sitting-room. The furniture was scanty and poor—a table, a few chairs, and a settee

made from baize-covered boxes were the only things of account. There was also an easel, with the usual litter of dried and twisted paint-tubes, brushes, and a colour-daubed palette about it. But the walls of the rooms were bright with pictures—Friquemont's pictures: women's heads, nude studies; dark, suggestive splashes of impressionism in scarlet and black; blurs in rose and yellow; vague schemes in pale green and mauve, all of them excellent examples of the influence of the ultra-modern French school. But, standing out in its beauty, as a swan in a pond of ducks, was one picture—a portrait of a girl: the face oval and delicate in shape; the hair, not yellow, not golden, but of light as if the artist had used the colour of the sun on his brush; the eyes a grey-blue, full of twinkling laughter, though the expression in them was one of grave innocence; the thin nose aristocratic and refined, as the curve of the nostrils showed, and the lips red and half open, with the white teeth glimmering through. It was only the face that mattered; the rest was a filmy cloud of white, showing the grace of the neck and shoulders. This picture had been hung in the Salon; it was to have made him famous. But, unfortunately, there had been too many portraits exhibited in the Salon of that year, and his work had been passed by unnoticed and unsung. So he had taken it back to himself, and now it hung on the wall on a line with all the other failures of his brush, and he was still waiting for and dreaming of the day when he would be recognised. Yet through it all he remained happy, for it is part of the French temperament to be happy. He lived in his garret with Aimée to cheer him while he worked, and together they talked of all the things they would buy when he was rich and famous. Meanwhile the years had passed, and at present all he could do was to earn a few francs a week drawing for a low-class illustrated paper, and paint masterpieces the while.

"Behold, I have come back!" he cried, striking an heroic attitude and using the lettuce as if it were a rapier. Aimée laughed; she was the original of the picture, and she was his best friend—the only little friend he had in the world.

"And the wine?" asked Aimée, taking the lettuce from his hand, "and the meat? Haven't you bought the meat, or did you forget again?"

Paul's expression changed to one of consternation. He looked from Aimée to the *Figaro Illustré*, and from the *Figaro Illustré* to the floor, and shuffled his feet, and coughed.

"Paul!" cried Aimée. "You haven't really forgotten the meat?"

"Regarde, petite," he began, holding up the paper. "See what I bought! Is it not finer than mere meat which one eats, and never sees again?" He turned over the pages swiftly—they were illustrated in colours—reproductions of pictures from the two Salons. "Is it not finer than meat?"

Her eyes caught the pictures, and she forgot her hunger at once. She craned her neck over the paper, and bade him stop at this one and that one, that she might admire it with him. Here was an allegorical panel by Détaillé: it represented the surge of soldiers, statesmen, merchants, poets towards the light; it was an inspiring, breathless picture! Again, there was a dainty, gossamer-like picture of pierrots by Willette—pierrots and pierrettes riding in the mad joy of pleasure to destruction: a picture in greys and whites, with black suggestive figures in the background. These two children of art pored over the magazine, and feasted on the things which gave them happiness. Ill-fed, badly nourished, and thin, they could not be miserable with the comfort of their art. To them it was bread and meat and wine, for they were humble people, with ideals such as only the humble people of Montmartre have.

[Continued overleaf.]

SIME PREDICTS THE FUTURE—OF SOME OF US!

DRAWN BY S. H. SIMP.



"A wild uproar shook the huge vault with its ten thousand echoes, as the hag-ridden wastrels\* streamed upwards in a vehement fury against the Door-that-is-better-shut; whilst the black guards, with astonishing dexterity, tossed them back into the putrid pool."—"THE OASIS IN HELL."

\* Surely not the Borough Councillors?—ED.



So, later, Aimée made a little *salade*, and they ate it with bread and soft cheese, and drank a half-glass between them of the white wine which remained from yesterday's dinner.

"There is no one who can make a salad like you, Aimée," said Paul, smacking his lips, as the last mouthful of the meal disappeared.

"There is no one for whom I would make one but you," she replied laughingly.

Poor and foolish? Yes, if you like; but sometimes the poor and foolish are happier than the rich and wise.

As Aimée began to clear the table, Paul turned over the pages of the *Figaro* idly . . . all the men whose work was reproduced there had become successful . . . many of them had begun with him, but they had outdistanced him, and he was left behind. He looked about the room at the dingy furniture, made dingier by a shaft of sunlight which shone on the faded upholstery of the chair. He remembered the years ago when he had first met Aimée, how he had promised her luxury and wealth—things which he had hoped to win with the work of his brush. They were to have a country house by the river at Louvciennes, and a town house in any one of the avenues leading from the Arc de Triomphe. They were to have a "salon" of their own, where all the great masters of painting, sculpture, literature, and the drama were to be their guests. They were to travel—to Italy, to Switzerland, to Spain—all over Europe. . . . He looked round at the sad room and at the walls where his pictures seemed to mock at him, and in a forlorn moment he realised that in grasping for all he had obtained nothing.

The pictures hung upon the wall, and there was not one who would come to buy them. He was obliged to draw coloured cartoons for a paper of low reputation—crude things to which he dared not sign his name. And this was his great success—this was the realisation of his hopes and dreams!

It seemed that the thought had only just occurred to him that he was a failure. He rose and went to Aimée helplessly—

"I've failed! I've failed!" he cried.

"Paul," she cried in alarm at his white face, "what is the matter?"

"I have just realised," he said in scattered sentences, "that I have failed . . . that all the promises I have made to you have been broken."

"Failed!" she laughed. "How have you failed? Am I not happy?" She danced before him merrily, her eyes alight with laughter. "See. . . . See, I am happy. Quite happy, vois-tu? And that was what you promised—to make me happy!"

He caught her in his arms and kissed her, and she made the smiles come back to his face. "Never say that you have failed again," she said, "for where there is happiness there can be no failure."

They sat together, he clasping her to him, and she stroking his hair, telling one another fairy-tales, after the manner of children, until they were interrupted by a knock at the door.

Aimée made a grimace. "Again a bill-collector," she said.

Paul remembered the concierge's message.

"It must be the gentleman who came here once before," he explained. "Madame Blois told me about him. He looked rich; he had a silk hat, and wore white spats over patent-leather boots. I wonder—"

His wonderings were cut short by another knock, and Aimée opened the door. A stout, florid-faced man stood in the doorway, dressed in clothes that unmistakably suggested wealth and comfort. He was an Englishman, obviously, and when he spoke his voice betrayed his English accent.

"Essker Monsieur Friquemont ay chay lwec?" he asked, and Aimée smiled an affirmative reply and bade him enter.

The visitor stepped into the narrow room, and looked first at the pictures upon the wall and then at Paul, who was regarding him inquiringly all the time.

"Oh," explained the visitor in fluently bad French, "they gave me your name at Julien's; I'm just buying some specimens of modern French art."

Aimée's eyes sparkled with joy, and Paul hastened forward with a chair. "Monsieur will pardon the state of the room," he said; "I was not prepared for visitors."

"One expects to find art, not tidiness, in a studio," answered the visitor. He produced a card from a silver case.

"Here's my name—Henry Task," he smiled. "It's a well-known name in Enland—Task's Corn Cure—that's me!"

"A-ah, precisely!" was all Paul could say, "and Monsieur is desirous of purchasing some of my work?"

"Yes," said Mr. Task, putting on a pair of pince-nez with deliberate care.

"Monsieur will regard the pictures," said Paul, waving his hand round the wall. "They are the best of my work, and perhaps Monsieur will find something which he will deem worthy."

Mr. Task walked round the room, stopping critically before each picture, while Aimée and Paul spoke in little whispers.

"Voilà le succès!" said Aimée. "C'est que je vous ai dit."

"Regarde, 'Le Coin du Bois' lui plait, évidemment."

"Non, c'est 'Le Soleil' qu'il va acheter."

And so they commented in excited asides while Mr. Task moved from picture to picture, until at last he stopped before the picture of Aimée which Paul had painted.

"Ha!" he said. "This is good . . . this is fine." He looked at Aimée. "A portrait of Madame, I see. Excellent. . . . Excellent."

Paul went to him as he rapped out his approval in broken French. "I am glad Monsieur likes it; but," turning to a scene in a night café, "this one I esteem to be one of—"

"Ah! But this portrait," continued Mr. Task, his eyes fixed on the picture. "It is, as you would say, *épaulant* . . . fine . . . fine. Well, this is the one I want. Perhaps you will name a price."

Paul was silent. He did not look at Aimée.

"Come, come!" said the visitor. "Let us say—let me see—a thousand francs—forty pounds." He took out his pocket-book and began fingering for notes.

"Monsieur is very generous," stammered Paul. A thousand francs! What could one not do for a thousand francs? Pay all the bills that were owing, take a trip to Rome, live generously for many weeks.

"Oh, not at all!" replied Mr. Task, smiling amiably. "I've taken to this picture."

One thousand francs! But then the picture would go—the one picture on the walls that he loved best—the picture he had painted for love, which he looked at daily as a gardener looks at a rare plant he has cultivated. One thousand francs! It was a lot of money, but it would soon go, and afterwards the space on the wall would be bare . . . empty . . . and he would only have the memory of it.

"Monsieur is very generous," he began again; "but—but that picture is not for sale."

"Not for sale!" echoed Mr. Task, casting a glance at the shabby room, and at the poor clothes of the artist. "What do you mean?"

"Just—just what I say," said Paul. "You can have anything else you like in the studio, but that picture is not to be sold."

"But—"

"Monsieur," cried Paul fiercely, "that picture is mine—mine and," pointing to Aimée, "hers."

"Perhaps," said Aimée, joining them and speaking in her gentle, persuasive voice, "perhaps there is something else that Monsieur may care for."

"I think not," said Mr. Task, snapping his pocket-book to. "That's the only one I wanted."

Paul glanced at Aimée defiantly. "Then," he said slowly, with outspread palms and shrugging shoulders, "I regret infinitely, but I cannot sell it."

For a few moments the silence was forlorn, and then Mr. Task said briskly—

"Well, I suppose you know your own business best . . . it's the only thing I want. . . . I'm sorry there's nothing else. Look here!" he added suddenly, "I'll give you seventy-five pounds for it."

Paul shook his head sadly. "No, Monsieur, I thank you," he said firmly. "But—but—" he waved his hand again round the room, "if there was anything else Monsieur might care for . . ."

"In that case," said Mr. Task, "good-day." He seemed offended at the refusal of his offer, which it was evident he considered to be very generous.

They heard his footsteps die away down the staircase, and they stood silently looking at the picture.

"Voilà le succès!" exclaimed Paul with a short laugh. She ran to him, and put her arms round his neck, crying out hysterically, "Paul—Paul, I'm glad we didn't sell the picture. . . . It was ours, wasn't it?"

"Yes, petite, it was ours," he answered. He put his hand in his pocket and drew out some copper and silver coins, counting them carefully. "Five francs twenty," he said joyously. "We'll dine at Flavian's to-night."

THE END.

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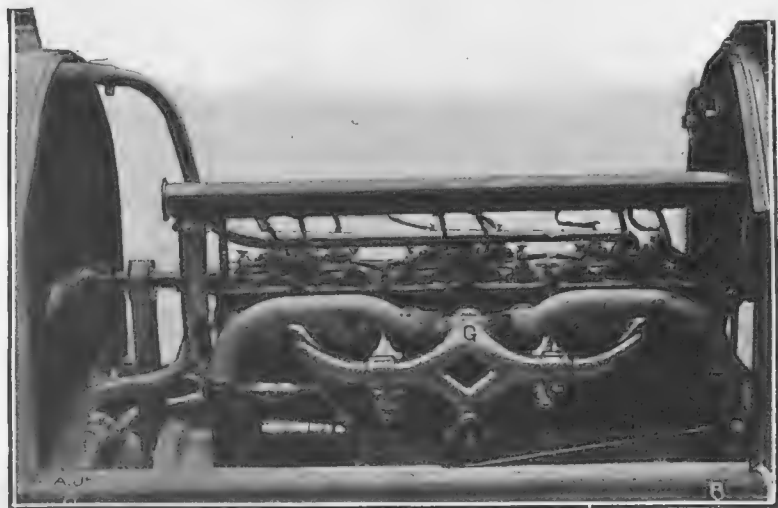


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THE SHOW AND BRITISH PROGRESS—THE TENDENCIES OF DESIGN—RETURN TO SINGLE-CAM SHAFT—FORCED LUBRICATION—THE DISAPPEARANCE OF CHAIN-DRIVE—RACING AND IMPROVEMENTS—DARRACQ INLET-VALVE LEAD—FRISWELL (1906), LIMITED, QUITE SOUND.

THE Show is over; long live the Show!—that is, if shows succeeding are likely to be as popular and as successful as that which closed its doors at Olympia last Saturday. If the recent exhibition was remarkable for one thing more than another, it was for the manner in which British firms, who started so late in the



THE DARRACQ ENGINE.

The sole concessionaires for Darracqs in this country are Messrs. Huntley Walker and Co., 483, Oxford Street, W.

race, have, in originality and suitability of design, gained upon, kept abreast with, and, to my mind, in several cases surpassed the foreigners.

It is not possible in the space at my disposal to indicate with any degree of completeness the conclusions to which the intelligent visitor must have come, after a round or two of the exhibits, as to the tendencies of automobile design, whether dictated by the public or conceived by the manufacturer. It is, after all, fashion or the public that have plumped for the longitudinal vertical engine, although there are two or three greatly daring, such as the Arrol-Johnston people, the Pilgrim's Way Motor Company, the New Engine Company, and Messrs. James and Brownie, Limited, who follow their belief in the horizontal engine. But they are so few comparatively that they may find a public sufficient to keep them well employed until the popular fancy veers again, if ever it does. I do not refer to American horizontal types, such as the Cadillac, the Reo, the Maxwell, and the Adams-Hewett, though the latter is a native production: these are patterns that have survived for other reasons than that of fashion or fancy.

Taking the engines alone, there is a distinct indication of a return to the single-cam or half-time shaft, which necessitates the valve-chambers being set all to one side of the cylinders. I think I am right when I say that Messrs. Simms and Co. were among the first to simplify in this matter, and they, with many others, now return to it. In some cases a cam-shaft is run on the opposite side, for operating low-tension magneto igniters or driving a high-tension magneto and water-circulating pump, but these are few. The practice of setting the induction-valves in the crown of the combustion-chambers, right over the pistons, has made no headway, although, in the writer's humble opinion, it is the soundest method after all. Those who followed it last year follow it still, but they have made no disciples.

Perhaps more attention has been given to engine-lubrication than to anything else during the last twelve months. Designers and makers have doubtless been stimulated by the outcry against the issue of evil-smelling blue vapour from exhaust-silencers, without which it was once thought one ran some risk of piston or bearing seizing. And, as a matter of fact, this was so, for when entire dependence was placed upon dash lubrication, and dash lubrication alone, the driver had smoke, and smoke only as proof of sufficient lubrication. Now, at Olympia it was the exception rather than the rule to find a car costing, say, over £400 that was not fitted with an oil-pump of some form or other, drawing oil from a sump formed in the lower half of the crank-chamber, and delivering the same to the engine-bearings by leads formed

in the aluminium casting; or, as in the case of certain higher-priced cars, through the bored crankshaft, to main, big-end, and gudgeon-pin bearings alike.

It is also happily becoming the practice to keep the exhaust-pipes well up to the top of the cylinders, so as to give easy access to the valve-springs, while the valve tappets and guides are now very frequently carried two or four in a plate, forming part of the top of the crank-chamber, and secured thereto by four or six studs or set-screws. By merely undoing the latter the particular plate can be raised, and with it the valve tappets and guides it carries—a very simple and convenient arrangement. Chain-drive for contact-makers, distributors, water-pumps, or magnetos is now very rarely seen, and in many cases great care has been exercised to design a simple form of dog-driving connection between the armature spindle of the magneto and the boss of the driving toothed wheel, so that in the case of the magneto being dismounted for any purpose whatever, it can be at once replaced in exactly the position in which the rotation of the armature through the magnetic field gives the best ignition results in the cylinders.

It is often said that the racing of big-powered cars does little or nothing now for the industry; but this would appear to be contradicted by a fact in connection with the big racing Darracqs, particularly the 200-h.p. leviathan which belongs to Mr. Lee Guinness. At Olympia, I was informed at the Darracq stand that for some time past the lift of the induction-valves of these racing-cars had been synchronised with the ignition—that is to say, that when the ignition-lever was moved to advance the ignition, it also, by suitable connections, slid the cam-shaft lengthways, and by the special shaping of the cams gave the induction-valves a proportionate amount of opening lead, and vice versa. This arrangement, which strikes me as perfectly sound, has been found to give such good results on the racing-cars that it is now being fitted to all Darracq four-cylinder cars. That was learnt by racing, anyway.

Messrs. Friswell (1906), Limited, desire it to be known that an advertisement which appeared lately in certain papers calling upon the creditors of Friswell, Limited, to send in their claims to the liquidator did not refer to their concern, but to the old company, from which Friswell (1906), Limited, bought their business, which is being wound up in the usual way.



ANOTHER PETER PAN: MISS ZENA DARE, WHO IS TO PLAY THE LEADING PART IN MR. BARRIE'S STORY OF "THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT GROW UP," ON TOUR.

"Peter Pan" opens in London on December 18th, and in Manchester on the 24th of the same month. At Manchester, Miss Zena Dare will be the Peter Pan; Mr. Lionel Mackinder, the Mr. Darling and the Pirate Captain; and Miss Irene Rooke the Mrs. Darling.—[Photograph by Bassano.]



# THE WORLD OF SPORT

FINALE—NATIONAL HUNT PROSPECTS—A FUND FOR INJURED JOCKEYS—THE FORFEIT-LIST.

THE flat-race season that closed at Manchester on Saturday was one of the best from a sporting point of view experienced in this country since war was declared against the Boers. True, runners were scarce in many of the big races, and winners were easy to find in the majority of the big handicaps, but, taken all round, the finishes were exciting enough to please the most exacting. Unfortunately for the Turf, the King did not have a single good horse running, and, as a consequence, his Majesty did not attend quite as many meetings as he might have done.

The Ascot fixture was a big success, and the same may be said of Goodwood, while the Newmarket gatherings yielded remarkably well, especially on the big days, and I begin to think that, after all, there is a future before the Metropolis of the Turf. Lord Derby has had a great year. So have Major Loder and the other patrons of Gilpin's stable, while the Manton division have done remarkably well. Willie Waugh, the Kingsclere trainer, had a lucky find in Troutbeck, and I hear

Lord Rendelsham's fund for the benefit of injured jockeys is a capital idea, but it takes the form of charity, and is not far-reaching enough. I suggest that the National Hunt Committee charge the jockeys a moderate premium and insure them against death and loss of work through accidents while riding, schooling, or racing. A very little actuarial study would make the plan workable, and jockeys should be compelled to insure. One more suggestion and I have finished. Why

not, with a view to the encouragement of temperance among our cross-country jockeys, make a 5-lb. allowance in all races to teetotalers of six months' standing? This, I claim, would do more real good to the sport than anything that has been devised during the last fifty years. I regret to say so, but it is true that intemperance and riotous living have been the cause of the downfall of many professional cross-country jockeys during the last decade.

It is almost time that some changes were made in the matter of the forfeit-list. The recent disqualification of Cissy's Revel for several races won by that horse is a nuisance to be avoided in future, to say the least of it; and these accidents could be minimised were officials empowered to prevent the start of horses that are not qualified to run. It is monstrous that the public should be made to pay for the mistakes and misfortunes of others. I once purchased a horse, and, luckily, just before I entered him for a race, someone who knew very kindly informed me that the animal was in the forfeit-list. There was nothing for it but to pay the forfeits. But fancy what might have happened but for the intervention of a friend! The steel-hearted official might retaliate with the argument that it was part

of my duty to have known that the animal was in the forfeit-list. But owners do not bother themselves and do not want to be bothered with details that could and should be dealt with by officials, who, by the -bye, are well paid as times go. Another little matter in connection with the forfeit-list requires amending. The late Lord Cal-

thorpe's name appears in each issue of the forfeit-list for a trifling sum. The executors, I presume, would not liquidate the debt, or it may be that they could not legally do so. Anyway, it is an eyesore to see the name of an owner who during his life had spent thousands on racehorses appearing in the list after his death without a word of explanation as to why it does appear.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.



THE £100 GOLF FOURSOME AT WALTON HEATH: JAMES BRAID DRIVING.

Photograph by Baker and Muggeridge.

that the stable will go great guns in 1907. The Foxhill trainer, W. Robinson, has done very well—this, too, despite the fact that one or two of his bright particular stars disappointed. Of the jockeys, Higgs is a long way in front of his opponents, while Madden, who was out of the saddle for some time owing to illness, is second. Maher has a good average, and the same may be said of Priestman, who rides mostly in the North of England.

Given open weather, the coming season under National Hunt Rules should be one of the best experienced for many years past. I

notice that race-course officials have had a conference with a view to insuring their meetings against frost and snow. This would be a capital plan both for the shareholders and the public. The 5-lb. allowance has worked well up to now, and it should be the means of attracting many of the flat-race

jockeys, especially those who find it difficult to keep their weight down. The question of fences is one that should be dealt with forthwith. I think, in the interest of the sport, that all the regulation fences should be of the one height and pattern. A jump at Wye should be quite as difficult to get over as one at Aintree, and the same applies with equal force to the many Park meetings. True, the jumps at Sandown Park are almost perfect; but this could not be said of many at some of the enclosed meetings.



THE £100 GOLF FOURSOME AT WALTON HEATH: HARRY VARDON DRIVING.

Photograph by Baker and Muggeridge.



TRAINING FUTURE FOLLOWERS OF THE FOX: TEACHING YOUNG HOUNDS TO JUMP.

Photograph by W. L. Rouch.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FORMERLY it was the custom for people to ask each other towards the end of a London season where they were going to make holiday. Following that arrived the time when running out of town for Easter and Whitsuntide came to be looked upon as a dire necessity. Still later was introduced the week-end habit, when to be in this dull Village from Saturday to Monday was



[Copyright.]

A CHIC WALKING-COSTUME.

not a possibility to be faced. Now we have come to the point where there is a "scatteration" for Christmas-time, and the question really arises in connection with many one knows, "Why live in London at all, when on an average eight months of the year are spent in flying in and out of it?" That wicked monster the motor-'bus is doubtless responsible for much absentee-ism, seeing how its roaring, rasping, grinding, bellowing noises have made a pandemonium of London highways and byways. But the love of change, the fascination of travel have something to do with it.

Almost everything has altered in our modern environment except the charmingly opaque condition of the Metropolitan atmosphere in winter. So it is little wonder that those who may do so, fly to golden noons and violet velvet nights, where flowers and birds and brilliant perfumed warmth beckon Southwards the weather-worn Islander. Meanwhile, the many who remain at home are full of cheery preparation and on Christmas shopping matters of moment intent. Clothes and books and toys for the home-coming boys and girls, hampers for the absent ones, jewels for "sweethearts and wives," warm clothes for the ill-clad poor, perfumes and dainty bonbons for fair and charming friends—all come into the circle of remembrance at Christmastime, following the first great intention of peace and goodwill in which it was founded, and in which may we all, at home or afar, participate!

While on the pleasant theme of present-giving, it may be set down here that a certain perfume particular to the notable firm of Grossmith and Co., and known as "Phul-Nana," makes a most desirable gift, and one which is sure of grateful appreciation. "Phul-Nana," as the name indicates, is an Indian scent extracted from the odorous

blossoms of that sunny land. It is a rich and fragrant essence, recalling a thousand delicious memories of jungle and compound and flower-grown verandah, which no other perfume so adequately conveys. Besides the perfume itself, which is put up in dainty cases, "Phul-Nana" impregnates a specially prepared soap, of which Messrs. Grossmith are the inventors; and a tooth-powder, toilet-powder, and wardrobe-sachet are also included in the "Phul-Nana" specialties, so that one can use the same scent in all stages of the toilet. "Hasu-no-Hana," a delicate and delicious Japanese scent, is also an exclusive production of the firm, while "Florodora," gratefully recalling a well-dowered herbaceous border in June, is one of the most refreshing perfumes one can buy or be given. All good chemists keep all three of the Grossmith specialties.

Before leaving the still-room we may also test the well-tried merits of the famous "4711" Eau-de-Cologne, with its world-known blue-and-green label, on which the magic number appears. If difficulties arise in the selection of a Christmas gift, one may safely fall back on a box of "4711" Cologne-water, seeing that it is equally grateful for toilet use, for the bath or sick-room, and invaluable for headaches or when travelling. The "4711" Eau-de-Cologne is now put up in a pretty wooden box containing six bottles, for the modest sum of 12s. 6d., so that anyone wishing to give an acceptable, but at the same time inexpensive present is suited to a nicety. All dealers in high-class perfumes sell this famous Eau, but should a difficulty in procuring it occur, a postcard to R. J. Reuter, Well Street, Cripplegate, will produce the address of the nearest agent by return of post.

In these wintry days of wind and fog, the long-suffering complexion cries out for a panacea, and if it be denied, it generally



[Copyright.]

A SMART COAT WITH SABLE.

takes revenge in blotches, redness, chapped lips, and other outward symptoms of ill-treatment. In all such dolorous circumstances Crème Simon is a name to conjure with. It has a peculiarly soothing effect on the skin, to which it gives a velvety softness. In conjunction with the Crème should be used the Poudre Simon—a



marvellously good powder, working wonders with the appearance, and absolutely without that deleterious ingredient, bismuth, which figures in the preparation of so many face-powders, to the great undoing of the skin.

Apropos of the matters and mysteries of the toilet, why is it that a woman who dyes her hair may in all other matters be a perfectly harmless and worthy being, while if a man commits himself to such "feminism" he is looked upon, and with some truth doubtless, as a fraud mentally and morally as well as physically? I saw a degenerate of this type abroad not long since. His hair was white, his moustache dyed black. His manner was plausible; his tongue spoke evil things of men and women. He was known secretly as "Black-and-White," and his character, subdivided into three air-tight compartments by those who knew him, was labelled "Treacherous, cowardly, and vain"—a combination worthy of the dyed moustache!

Is greediness a forgivable sin at Christmas time? It ought to be, seeing to how many well-nigh irresistible temptations one is exposed at that delectable season. Take Fortnum and Mason, now. Their shop is a study in seductions—turtle-soup, kangaroo-tail, shark's fin, *bêche de mer*, Chinese birds' nests, Japanese cherries, Virginian hams, and the rest. To Little Marys, 181, Piccadilly must at once be a torment and delight, since it has given to so many past generations, as well as the present, opportunities of enjoyment undreamt-of and unget-at-able elsewhere.

When George III. of very Hanoverian memory reigned over this island, his Saxon subjects wore wigs—which, being hot and heavy, made their hair fall out. Some good and worthy burgess named Rowland then invented a preparation called Macassar Oil, which brought all the missing hairs back, and more with them, so that true-born Britons and their descendants to this day have always continued in the use of Rowland's Macassar Oil and Rowland's Odonto—a famous remedy and preservative for the teeth—which, notwithstanding all other and vaunted preparations, have never lost their hold on successive grateful generations down to the present day, when both specialties are more in high feather and favour than ever.

In glittering productions for this glittering season the Parisian Diamond Company excel—necklaces, tiaras, bangles, brooches, and the beautiful pearls which they have made unapproachably their own. At each of the Company's four shops in Burlington Arcade, Bond Street, and at 143, Regent Street, a feast for the eyes is spread before the onlooker, and many will be inclined to invest in jewels that

are intrinsically so beautiful and cost so little as mementos of the oncoming Christmas-time.

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

JUSTINE.—I have inquired, and hear there is a great need, and therefore a distinct opening, for what you suggest. But you will want quite £500 capital, as rents are high. Being a ready-money business, you would, however, take in daily supplies, and, from all I can gather, do exceedingly well.

SYBIL.

Lord Llandaff, rising from a cross-bench and leaning on a stick, has been one of the most interesting figures in the debates of the Peers on the Education Bill. It is as a champion of the Roman Catholics that he has spoken. Lord Llandaff, who has completed his eightieth year, was famous as a lawyer and a politician under the name of Mr. Henry Mat-

Whenever any particularly simple and useful device is brought out there are always a number who say, "How simple; why did no one ever think of this before?" That is what will happen when the new "Ediswan" patent flat wall-plug and socket is brought to their notice. This decidedly new invention supersedes entirely the old and clumsy wall-plug device which is so largely in use for lighting

rooms by reading, table, and floor standard electric lamps. Instead of standing out prominently from the wall, an eyesore and more or less of a nuisance, the new plug lies flat, and being neatly cased in a metal cover, escapes both notice and injury. The cover may be finished in any metal, such as antique copper, oxidised silver, and the like, to harmonise with any existing fittings or decorations. In use it is as simple as the old-fashioned type, whilst it is far safer, inasmuch as the current-carrying parts are closed by a lid. The new plug has been patented by the Edison and Swan United Electric Light Company, Limited, and is made by them at their famous "Royal Ediswan" Lamp Factory, Ponder's End, Middlesex.



#### A CAPITAL HAT FOR THE AUTUMN.

The hat here illustrated shows the latest production in felt hats. It is made in black, light and dark brown, pearl grey, and beaver. The shape is the same as that of the ordinary straw hat, but it is said to be much more comfortable, and has the advantage of not being harmed by rain. It is especially recommended for country wear. Its makers are Messrs. Scotts, 1, Old Bond Street, Piccadilly, W., hatters to the King and the Royal Family.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway announce that a special train, composed of first and second class lavatory carriages and a restaurant car, will leave Calais for Marseilles, Cannes, Nice, Mentone, and Monte Carlo, on Saturday, Dec. 22, in connection with a special express train from Charing Cross Station at 2.50 p.m., by the Short Sea Route via Folkestone and Calais. The reduced return fares from London to any of the above-named Riviera stations will be: first class, £9 12s.; second class, £6 12s.; and passengers will be able to return on any day, either via Calais or Boulogne, up to Jan. 30 inclusive. The tickets will also be available at Hyères, Grasse, and other Riviera stations. The sea passage from Folkestone to Calais will be performed by one of the Company's steamers in about seventy-five minutes.

Yet another honour has been conferred upon Messrs. Huntley and Palmers, Limited. They have just been appointed Biscuit Manufacturers to her Majesty the Queen of Norway. With characteristic thoroughness and promptitude, the famous Reading firm has signalled the visit of Norway's royal family to this country by bringing out a delicious and high-class novelty associated with the name of the little Crown Prince. "Olaf Cakes," as these dainties are called, are likely to become as popular as the little Crown Prince himself.

Messrs. Harry Hall, of 205, Oxford Street, and 21-31, Eldon Street, E.C., are making a special feature of semi-riding breeches, and are selling them at the exceedingly low price of a guinea. They have received a number of unsolicited testimonials from hunting men, Army officers, etc., many of whom had been fitted perfectly from measurements supplied by themselves, stating how exceedingly pleased they were with the breeches made for them.

Messrs. James Buchanan and Co. announce that their "Black-and-White" and "Special" (Red Seal) whiskies, specially packed for Christmas gifts in six-bottle cases, may now be obtained from wine-and-spirit merchants and grocers.

The latest phase of railway enterprise is one that, at first sight, would appear to fall entirely outside their sphere of operations, but a second thought will show that it is but a logical sequence of the laudable effort to relieve the monotony of long journeys by placing in railway-carriages really artistic engravings of places of interest in lieu of the somewhat crude views which have hitherto been in vogue. The Great Western Railway Company, who some time since commenced the exhibition of these engravings in their passenger-carriages, have discovered that there exists a considerable demand for the views, which form unique souvenirs of the principal places of interest on their line, and have decided to offer them to the public at the nominal charge of one shilling each. With this end in view, they have issued an excellent catalogue, containing a list of the views available, illustrated with miniature reproductions of many of the engravings, which in their original form measure about 8 in. by 6 in., and are mounted on plate-paper, 16 in. by 12 in., ready for framing.



PAINTER OF "A POEM IN SILENCE":  
MISS MARGUERITE VERBOECKHOVEN.

Miss Verboeckhoven is showing, at Messrs. Graves' Gallery, 6, Pall Mall, a series of nocturnes in oil bearing the title "A Poem in Silence." The Exhibition will remain open until the end of the month.

Photograph by Klary.

thews. He sat in Parliament for Dungarvan from 1868 to 1874, and was the first Conservative returned for Birmingham. Immediately after his election, with Mr. Chamberlain's approval, there in 1886, he became Home Secretary in Lord Salisbury's second Government, and this post he held till 1892. He was a vivacious debater, but was still more successful as a lawyer, and figured in several of the celebrated cases of his time, including the Tichborne Trial.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 11.*

## THE OUTLOOK.

THE last Bank Return shows that the 6 per cent. rate has begun to make itself felt, and that the stock of coin and bullion has at last commenced to creep up; but we are by no means out of the wood, for there are signs of a considerable Brazilian and Argentine demand for gold, which will have to be supplied, and only by keeping rates up until the turn of the year can we hope to force our South American friends to go elsewhere for what they want. We think, however, that the danger of a 7 per cent. rate is to a great extent over, and that about the middle of January we may hope for cheap—or at least comparatively cheap—money again. In the meanwhile, people are beginning to prick up their ears and look about for what they will do when the blessed times of promise really come.

## BAYS AND CANADAS.

The following note by "Q" represents our valued Correspondent's views as to the merits of these two active stocks. We agree to a large extent with what he says, but it must not be forgotten that "the Shop" has got into a position completely to dominate the market in "Bays," and can pretty well do what it likes with the shares, while Canadas are far too large a stock to be controlled by any clique. As a market operation, it is far easier to move Bays 10 than Canadas 5 points, and while "Q's" views, openly based on intrinsic merits, are certainly sound, it by no means follows that the market prices during the next few weeks will reflect the intrinsic merits of either stock.

When I last recommended a purchase of Hudson's Bay shares in these columns their price was about £85. It is now £120, and has touched £130. When I last recommended Canadian Pacifics the price was 184, and it is now 187½. The contrast is so striking that I think it well to draw attention to it. Every argument that can be urged in favour of Hudson's Bays applies equally to Canadian Pacifics, while there are a good many favourable points which affect the latter only. Why, then, have Canadas not moved with Hudson's Bays? There are two reasons, I think, which explain the anomaly.

The first is that the British public has fully grasped the potentialities of the Hudson's Bay Company's vast landed property, and has not yet fully grasped the fact that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company owns about three times the acreage of the Hudson's Bay Company. The second reason is that Canadian Pacifics are quoted on the New York Stock Exchange, which has been suffering during the last few months from money stringency and political alarms, and Hudson's Bays are not.

I am not going to-day into the question of the value of Hudson's Bay shares, beyond saying that the future appears to me to a great extent discounted in the present price. As regards Canadian Pacifics, however, the position is very different, and once their value both as a Railway and a great Landowning Company becomes fully realised, nothing can prevent their going over 250 dollars. Let me give a few figures to illustrate my meaning. The Canadian Pacific Railway earned last year 14 per cent. upon its Common shares over and above charges and Preference interest, but is paying only 6 per cent. So far this year there has been a further enormous increase in gross traffic and net earnings. As against this there has been an increase of 20 per cent. in the amount of shares; but the profits have more than kept pace with the increase of capital, and it is inevitable that the dividend should be raised to 7 or 8 per cent. Therefore, if the Company did not own a single acre of land, the shares would still be worth from 100 to 200 dollars. But, as a matter of fact, the Canadian Pacific owns some 16,000,000 acres of land unsold, together with 15,000,000 dollars in the shape of deferred payments for the land already disposed of. What is the value of these 16,000,000 acres? One of the directors of the Company, in a very moderate article published this week, has stated that eight dollars may be taken as a useful measure of the value of the Company's lands. This gives a total of 143,000,000 dollars, or considerably more than 100 dollars per Canadian Pacific share. At present all the money received from land sales is being invested, and only the interest on the investment is being distributed to shareholders, a bonus on this account of 1 per cent. having already been announced for 1907. This system is to be followed "until such time as a definite plan can be evolved for its utilisation." These were the President's words at the last meeting, and they no doubt mean that in course of time a separate Company, to deal with the Company's lands, will be formed. But whether such Company be formed next year or not, nothing, in my opinion, can prevent Canadian Pacifics rising steadily to 250 dollars.

Q.

Nov. 24, 1906.

P.S.—I hear that the shares of the *Pusing Lama Tin Mines Company* are well worth buying. The Company is already a large dividend-payer, and is doubling its plant.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"What you brokers do not seem to have the mental capacity for understanding," The Jobber told him, "is that we jobbers often lose more on our books than we make in dealing."

"What you jobbers do not seem capable of doing," retorted The Broker, "is to stick to the—"

"Point," concluded The Engineer amicably. "But," he asked The Jobber, "what do you mean by say—"

"Why, this," replied the aggrieved individual. "You make a man a price in a thousand shares, and he buys them of you. Now, if you can only get those shares back with a profit on a hundred and a loss on the others, where do you come in? Now, this pig-headed bro—"

"Broken Hills, were you going to say?" The Engineer suggested.

"Those infatuated brokers," continued The Philanthropist, "think that because we happen to be very busy we must be making tons of money. The very reverse is often the case," and he indignantly put the wrong end of the cigar into his mouth.

Business became suspended.

After the restoration of peace, The Broker said that if jobbing wasn't all jam, broking wasn't all beer.

"We daren't call our soul our own," he averred.

"I was not aware that brokers had consciences—much less souls," was The City Editor's jibe.

"What's up, Brokie?"

"Oh, the Committee are dropping upon us in the most ridiculous way for advertising. Do you know that we are not allowed to approach an auctioneer, unless he's a client, with an order to sell shares,

because the Committee says it's advertising?"

"When you order the auctioneer to sell, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"What frightful tommy, isn't it?"

"Talking about business—" interposed The Merchant.

"Who was?" said The Jobber fiercely.

"Nobody," was the meek reply. "That's what I wanted to call attention to. Vaal Rivers, for instance."

"What's the intrinsic value of the shares at the present moment? Eight pounds, or eighty, or—?"

"Eight pence might be somewhere nearer it," declared The Jobber. "A mere rig."

"With founders' shares cleverly marketed at fabulous prices to add an alluring touch to the market."

"Cynical, aren't we!" cried The Merchant. "Can no good thing come out of the Kaffir Circus?"

"I've left it," murmured The Jobber modestly.

"The Transvaal elections will go in favour of retaining Chinese labour," The City Editor stated.

"What makes you say that?"

"The fact that the mining houses have the people of the Transvaal between the thumb and the finger, and those magnates will keep Chinese labour at all costs."

"The Boers' votes may swamp the others."

"Doubtful—very. There's no immediate future for the Kaffir Market. It's done, for the time being."

"Yankees have more life in them," said The Broker.

"Much. Look at the rise in Missouri. What did I always tell you?"

"And those Mexican National Preferred have gone up with a rush lately," observed The Engineer. "Ought I to take my fifteen points profit?"

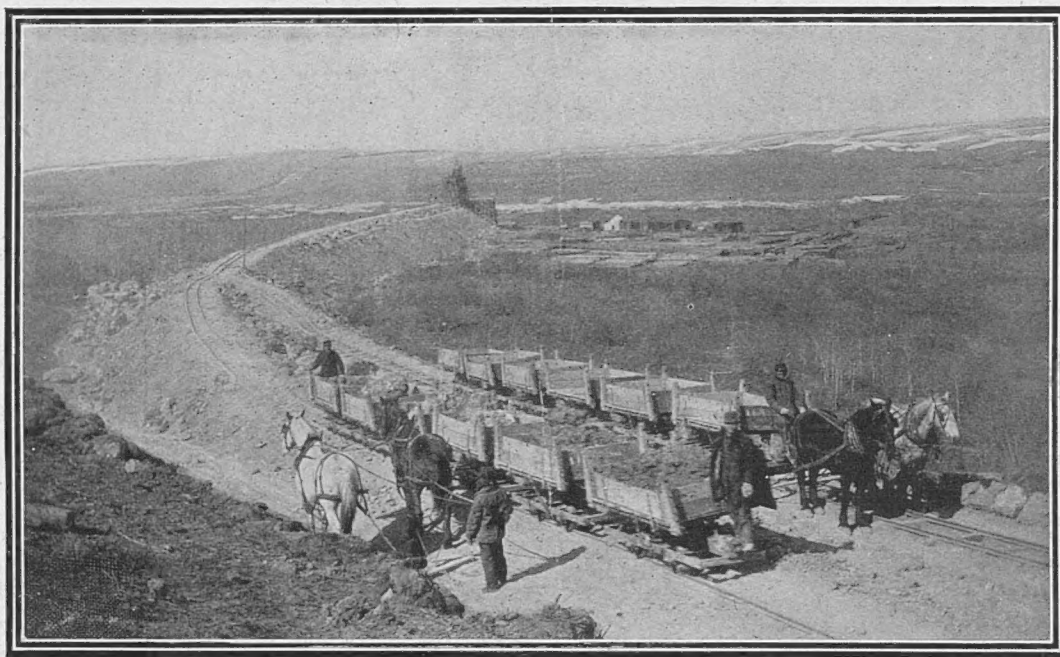
"Take it, and put the money into Mexican Railway First and Second Preference," advised The Broker.

"I was told the other night," remarked The City Editor, "that one of your tribe turned a holder of Trunk Firsts and Seconds out of his stocks and put him into Mexican Firsts."

"The advice was as sensible as the manner of its repetition is offensive," returned The Broker grandiloquently.

"What an awful lot of tips one gets in the House," mused The Jobber. "And they are all much of a muchness."

"Yes, my boy," returned The Broker; "and if you happen to



THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY BUILDING IN CANADA.

By kind permission of "Canadian Life and Resources."



mention one, and a man takes it, woe betide you when it doesn't come off, however much stress you've laid on the fact of its being a gamble, or a House tip."

"You speak feelingly," The Banker told him, coming into the conversation for the first time. "And even the Stock Exchange cannot always be right."

"My experience of House tips," said The Jobber, "is that they are better not followed."

"Some turn out all right. Look at Spassky Copper."

"Going better, too," said The Engineer.

"Much better?"

"Oh, I should say a pound or so."

"Rather tall prices, for my money," The Solicitor said. "How about Waihi Grand Junctions?"

"Let them alone. Don't go near them. Keep your money in your pocket."

The Banker again commented upon the warmth with which The Broker spoke.

"Perhaps I oughtn't to speak quite so strongly," the latter admitted.

"Friends of mine out there tell me not to buy the shares—that's all."

"What is one to buy?" The Merchant's voice betokened desperation.

"Chatham First Pref. for an investment," said The Broker.

"Broken Hill Proprietary for a speculative investment," added The Engineer.

"India  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. stock as the cheapest gilt-edged security," The Banker chimed in.

"Bays and Nigers for your children," contributed The City Editor.

"Cannot you tell us how to increase our capital?" The Banker asked.

"Me?" said The Jobber, as he got the door open at last. "There's only one safe way of making money on the Stock Exchange, and that's by keeping out of it." *Saturday, Nov. 24, 1906.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.  
Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C." Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

NOVEMBER.—Everybody is alarmed at the expected temperance legislation which the Government has promised next year. Public-house property has slumped; and no doubt the Brewery will suffer like most others. You must decide whether you will risk it or not. The bulk of the business is, we think, "tied-house" trade.

MOCKTA.—(1) Proprietary or Sulphide Corporation. (2) We think well of Gwalia Consolidated, if you can buy below 2s. 6d.

OAK.—Generally we think Kafirs will be worse rather than better until the Transvaal elections are over and the labour troubles settled, and this applies to good and bad alike. Your lot are mostly bad, Hold 5, 12, and perhaps 8. No. 7 is a mere waste of money. Probably the cheapest thing would be to sell every one except 12 and buy Canadian Pacifics. See "Q's" note.

C. G.—"Easy to deal" means to buy or sell. We advice holding. The market is the London Stock Exchange.

HARD LUCK.—(1) You are liable. We cannot tell you how to get out of paying. (2) We should sell all the rest, as there is not one we have the slightest faith in.

D. S.—Your letter was answered on the 24th instant.

H. A. B.—For small sums such as you name if you want 5 per cent. you must run some risk, and the Bank might suit you. It is better than the Association. The Art Company is probably a swindle, and we advise you to avoid it.

MARSH.—No information is available as to the Copper Company, except that it is a Victorian concern. Unless you have inside information, it is a sort of blind pool. We think Premiers cheap.

LOUIS.—(1) The chief asset of this Company is a number of Premier Diamond shares. We should hold. (2) This Company will be obliged to reconstruct in the spring. Sell now. Buy Pusing Lama Tin and Commonwealth Oil.

#### MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

A very fair entry-list has been obtained for Leicester. I fancy the following: Broxhill's Steeplechase, St. George's Hems; Quorn Steeplechase, Sparkling Wine; Montrose Hurdle, Peter Jackson; Birstall Steeplechase, Clorane's Pride; November Hurdle, Wild Aster; Belvoir Steeplechase, Princess Royal II.; Oadby Hurdle, Java; Sileby Steeplechase, Jannaway; Leicester Hurdle, Fairfax; Town Selling Hurdle, Luke Delmage. At Haydock the following should go close: Garswood Hurdle, Wild Aster; County Steeplechase, Triplands; Maiden Hurdle, Oakbank; Lowton Hurdle, Puerto; Makerfield Steeplechase, Ravenscliffe; Wigan Steeplechase, Violetta; St. Helen's Steeplechase, Sheerness; Juvenile Hurdle, Nigella; Saturday Hurdle, Picchy Boy; Haydock Steeplechase, Flutterer; Newton Hurdle, Oroya. I like the following for Kempton: Wimbledon Hurdle, Crathorne; Kempton Park Hurdle, The Clown; Uxbridge Steeplechase, Lord Cork; Hampton Steeplechase, Turbulent; Stewards' Steeplechase, Denton; Richmond Steeplechase, Fetlars Pride; Middlesex Steeplechase, Vibrant; Staines Hurdle, Padrone.

#### ITALIAN ANTIQUES AT WARING'S.

**A**MIDST appropriate and dignified surroundings, reminiscent of some cathedral nave, and removed from the frivolous society of modern furniture, is to be witnessed one of the most interesting and extraordinary exhibitions of antique art. Waring's have, with their characteristic initiative and encouraged by the results of their former exhibition of antique Italian *objets d'art*, exploited Italy, with the gratifying result that they have gained yet another collection, which in magnitude and diversity eclipses anything yet witnessed. Beautiful specimens of furniture, tapestries, statuary, bronzes, lace, embroidery, etc., figure in it, all of which have been obtained direct from historical palaces, cathedrals, and monasteries, so that the art-loving public have at last the long-wished-for opportunity of purchasing genuine antiques which have not passed through the hands of dealers. The obvious result of the dealer being eliminated by the prompt and direct action of a reputable firm will be that the art-loving public, so long prevented from becoming possessed of antique art objects through a fear of dealing with men of questionable tactics, can now be assured of the genuine character of the articles they are buying and of the extreme moderation of their price. A

collector no longer finds it necessary to rummage among the stores in the purlieus of Soho, thereby running the risk of buying imitations and of being charged ridiculous prices.

The fact must not be overlooked that the Italian Renaissance examples exhibited by Waring's will command much higher prices in a few years' time. A well-known critical art journal recently stated that Waring's exhibitions were fostering a vogue that was rapidly becoming a "fashion" among connoisseurs. That being so, it is plainly evident that the supply will shortly be quite inadequate to the demand, for few people realise the enormous difficulties that even a firm like Waring's has in overcoming the scruples of the Italian Government, who but seldom give permission for the removal of precious relics of the sixteenth century from their country. Moreover, the fine examples are rapidly passing into permanent collections, and the market will soon be denuded of them, with the inevitable result of a great enhancement in values.

The art of the age that produced Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Benvenuto Cellini marked the whole of the work of the period. Each craftsman was a

man of genius, with a mind totally unfettered by convention; and the masterpieces of art set out at Waring's latest exhibition make one feel very acutely how inferior at their best are the modern workman's efforts.

The exhibition contains specimens of delicate real old lace as well as huge cabinets, tapestries, etc., and this fact should induce ladies to visit the galleries. The accompanying illustration gives but a faint idea of the beauties of the objects depicted. The massive table, with its slab of old "Verde Antico" marble and "Breccia Corallina" borders and vigorously carved white marble supports of bold design, is an extremely good specimen of Italian sixteenth-century work. The bust of a cherub, on the centre of the table, is in marble and is by the celebrated Gianbologna. The twin side-pieces are altar ornaments of old silver, with repoussé design and chased with symbolical flowers emanating from a vase. The centre medallions represent "Santa Lucia." They rest on circular stands covered with antique red silk damask. The small figures are bronze satyrs on marble bases. Hundreds of even finer specimens could be illustrated, but connoisseurs are recommended to write for the special catalogue, which, although it shows only a tithe of the splendid things on view and can by no means supersede the necessity of a visit, is a slight indication of the quality and scope of the exhibition.

*Another Revival.* On Saturday evening Mr. Nation will revive "Yellow Fog Island," at Terry's. In this that admirable actor Mr. Charles Groves will play Caleb Plummer, the last two representatives of which, so far as London goes, have been Mr. Toole and Mr. Bouchier. Mr. A. B. Imeson will be John Perrybingle, and Miss Frances Ruttledge, Dot. Other parts will be played by Miss Gladys Archbutt and Miss Tempest, Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Campbell Bishop.



CHOICE EXAMPLES OF ITALIAN ART AT WARING'S.